WORLD SOCCER

20p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

MAY 1972

ENGLAND v W. GERMANY

SPECIAL PREVIEW

Bumper European Championship Edition

JUGOSLAVIA

Back row, left to right: Dzajic, Vukcevic, Paunovic, Antonijevic, Holcer, Pavlovic. Front row: Stepanovic, Petkovic, Oblau, Filipovic, Acimovic.

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688

Editor PHILIP RISING

★

MAY WORLD SOCCER 1972
VOL. 12 No. 8

★

Contents

		Page
European Championship	Philip Evans	4
European Championship	Roger Macdonald	5
World Diary in Peru	Roger Macdonald	8
Personal Opinion	Leslie Vernon	11
Looking at Soccer	Brian Glanville	12
News from France	Andre Duclos	14
News from Holland	John Sparrow	15
South American Round-up	Eric Weil	16
Irish news	Colin McAlpin	18
West German news	Arthur Rotmil	19
Brazilian Notebook	Hans Henningsen	20
Spotlight on Gerd Muller	Arthur Rotmil	22
European Championship	Roger Macdonald	24
European Championship	Brian Glanville	26
Post-War Survey	Leslie Vernon	28
European Championship	Jack Rollin	29
European Championship	Eric Batty	30
European Championship	Jack Rollin	30
News from Italy	Brian Glanville	34
News from the Orkneys	Michael Williams	36
Wolves' shock	Brian Marshall	37
News from the U.S.A.	Colin Jose	38
News from Australia	Andre Dettre	39
Leeds not as good as Real	Eric Batty	40
Swiss news	Arthur Rotmil	42
Adamson target for boos	Eric Thornton	43
Few incidents in Libertadores Cup	Eric Weil	44
News from Spain	Norman Cutler	46
Stein breaks time barrier	Alex Gordon	48
World Cup fixtures		50

WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire. © Websters Publications Ltd.

Inter win, but...

CONGRATULATIONS to Inter-Milan on reaching the European Cup final in such exciting fashion. Sour grapes from someone who admires Celtic? Perhaps, but two 0-0 draws in the semi-final stage of Europe's major club competition makes one wonder whether it's all worth while. Inter eventually went through to meet Ajax—the holders—after beating Celtic 5-4 on penalties.

Penalties are certainly better than the tossing of a coin, but surely at this stage of the competition a third match should be arranged. Inter doubtless found their "victory" sweet revenge for their defeat by Celtic in the 1967 European Cup final. And they will argue that the end justifies the means; winning is what is important, not the way the game is played.

British clubs fared better in the UEFA Cup. Tottenham Hotspur, thanks largely to an early goal from Alan Mullery, held AC Milan to a 1-1 draw in the impressive San Siro stadium and qualified for the final on a 3-2 aggregate. Spurs will meet Wolverhampton Wanderers, who eliminated Ferencvaros of Hungary, on May 3 and 17. Wolves owe a great debt to their goalkeeper Phil Parkes, who saved penalties in both legs.

Rangers went through to the Cup Winners Cup final with a splendid 2-0 victory over Bayern Munich. Rangers were beaten in the final of this competition by Bayern in 1967—Celtic's great year—and will meet either Dynamo East Berlin or Moscow Dynamo.

Meanwhile, Arsenal, with the aid of a couple of dubious goals, beat Stoke City 2-1 in their FA Cup semi-final replay to reach Wembley for the second successive year. Arsenal, the holders, face Leeds United on May 6.

COVER PICTURE

This month's cover subject is Franz Beckenbauer of West Germany, one of the world's most distinguished players. Beckenbauer will face England at Wembley on April 29. Last month's cover subject was Rinus Israel of Feyenoord.

ITALY SHOULD WIN, BUT...

by PHILIP EVANS

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

OF course the Italians should beat the Belgians in their quarter-final ties for the European Championship. They are the team with the right sort of record, the right sort of psychological power, the talent for pulling out the right stops at the right moments. But history suggests that the conquest, if made, will be a result for the unique talent of the Italians which makes the facile seem near-impossible, the difficult childishly easy.

They go into the last stages of this cup without some of their best players. Bettega we all know about, and I do not mean to sound premature in calling him an international of the very near future, even though his position is nominally that of Riva, outside-left. Talented strikers are as rare as the sentimental in the writing of Dashiell Hammett, and Bettega could easily have been accommodated had he maintained the form he was showing in the first half of the season and before a respiratory complaint forced him to go into temporary retirement.

Then, of course, there is Rivera, banned from football until the end of June, a suspension that called to the front of the stage all the tenets of cause and effect if not supply and demand. For some time Gianni has made a habit of informing referees of their more serious mistakes, often during games, often indirectly in the warmth of the changing-room and in front of a posse of copy-seeking reporters.

The Italian press plays this particular game pretty foxily, each self-respecting journal posting one of its men in close proximity to the stars of the match for post-match comment and analysis. Following Milan's defeat at the hands, and in the stadium of Cagliari, Rivera really let fly. He blamed the referee of that game, Michelotti, for having awarded Cagliari a non-existent penalty; pointed out that only days before Lo Bello had denied Milan a penalty in their game against Juventus (the fact that Lo Bello, when faced with filmed evidence, came later to agree did little to placate the Milan management: they'd lost a point in a key game against the top club). And so on.

Incompetence

But the basis of everything he had to say was that for some time, and at the instigation of the chairman of the referees' panel, Giulio Campanati (a Milanese and therefore, according to A.C. Milan, an Internazionale supporter), referees in charge of Milan's games had militantly angled their decisions against the team and shown crass incompetence.

There are those who think Rivera fortunate, those who think he is merely the sacrificial lamb. Personally it seems to me that his suspension could have been worse. If it is true that he will miss a clutch of games for Milan in the *denouement* of the League title chase and the early rounds of the Coppa Italia, at least his suspension has come at a time when club football in Italy will be lying comparatively fallow, all the star players thinking more of national selection than club commitment. Rivera's role in the national team has always been controversial, he has often expressed a desire to take a rest from football. Now is his chance to refire his engines and come back to the game at the beginning of next season fully fit and psychologically decoked.

The third casualty is Dino Zoff. I sat next to Zoff in a recent game down in Naples, admired the plaster that encased his leg, was informed that the injury was not even remotely as serious as it might look, told that he hoped to play again within a few weeks. All very well, but he and Albertosi are so far ahead of other Italian goalkeepers in terms of experience and judgement that the Italians must desperately hope that the Cagliari man doesn't undergo any injury problems himself.

● continued on page 49

Gianni Rivera, in action for AC Milan.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

Two full backs are missing

THE England-West Germany confrontation at Wembley takes place under the most extraordinary circumstances on record in German football. Imagine, if you can, a situation in England in mid-April where Crystal Palace knew they could lose all their matches and finish bottom of the table yet not be relegated, because the two clubs in their vicinity, say Nottingham Forest and Huddersfield, were certain to be expelled from the First Division for corruption (writes ROGER MACDONALD).

Imagine still further that Leeds United, to choose the most unlikely example, had been in the running for the championship with a full-scale investigation into bribery hanging over their heads. And stretching your imagination to the limits, try, if you can, to visualise a situation where the England team manager Sir Alf Ramsey felt unable to include Paul Madeley and Norman Hunter in his squad for the match because they were among those accused of taking money to fix a match.

Incredible as it may seem, this is precisely the situation that arose in West Germany a short while ago, when their team manager, Helmut Schön, left out Klaus Fichtel and Reinhard Libuda from his national squad because their club Schalke 04, chasing Bayern Munich at the top of the *Bundesliga*, were faced with an impending investigation into the match they played and lost 1-0 against Arminia Bielefeld.

As for Bielefeld themselves, they have been expelled as a result of their efforts to avoid relegation last season by fixing matches, and they've been joined in disgrace by Oberhausen. This meant that even if Borussia Dortmund, a pale shadow of the side that once reached the semi-finals of the European Cup, lost all their remaining games they were still assured of staying up — even with the worst record in the league.

Helmut Schön refuses to admit that this taint of corruption has affected his players' morale. "You can be sure that the team I field at Wembley will have a magnificent spirit," he says. "I won't try to pretend to you that I am happy with the events that have occurred in Germany during the past year, especially as it has reduced the number of players at my disposal. But as you saw in Budapest, the German team has great strength in depth. Even with several players who might have been considered reserves a few weeks earlier, we beat Hungary convincingly. So I put it to you — could England go to Budapest today and win? I don't think they could; and I don't believe Mr Ramsey thinks they could either."

Academic

For Sir Alf, the problem of winning in Budapest is a little too academic to bother him at the moment: he, I suspect, is far too worried about winning at Wembley. As he puts it, "The West Germans are not going to come here to give us the match, and one has a certain fear about how they will approach the game in London. I remember seeing Bayern Munich play Liverpool in the Cup Winners' Cup at Anfield this season, when the Germans hardly crossed the halfway line; it's going to be extremely difficult to break down the German defence if they play like that."

And, we can rest assured, the Germans *will* play like that — with, probably, Maier in goal; a back line of four — Hoetges, Beckenbauer as sweeper, Schwarzenbeck as stopper, and Breitner, supported by a mid-field of five — Wimmer, Netzer, Weber (if he recovers from his back injury in time), Hoeness of Flohe, and Grabowski; leaving Muller to wage a lone battle in the England half.

Germany's object will clearly be to score goals "on the break", but in the context of this competition England cannot afford to play safe and present a solid defence. For this reason I expect England (barring injuries) to field Banks in goal; a back four of Madeley, McFarland, Moore, and Hughes in the absence of Cooper—two attacking backs with a high degree of versatility; Ball, Bell and Peters in midfield, leaving out the rejuvenated Mullery and the destructive Storey; and a front line of Chivers and Lee, for certain, with possibly Hurst for psychological effect — though none of the three other strikers in the party, Channon, Clarke and Macdonald, could be entirely ruled out.

The loss of Cooper with a broken leg was a cruel blow to England, but one must remember that Germany, too, were deprived of the immensely experienced Vogts for the first leg, as well as Overath, their national captain since the last World Cup.

Sir Alf concedes that "there is very little to choose between the two teams, and both matches will be very close", while Herr Schön is a little more forthright. "I don't expect to win at Wembley," he confessed, "but I don't expect to lose either. The crucial factor is England's inability to score goals without exposing themselves at the back. They have a good team, but they don't have a Beckenbauer or a Muller, and that's why, overall, we are sure of victory."

Wolfgang Overath will miss the England match.

Slovan stretch lead

AUTUMN champions in Czechoslovakia and 1971 title winners Slovan Bratislava began the second half of the league campaign with a flourish, hammering Nitra by 3-0 before a 13,000 crowd and, with their closest challengers VSS Kosice dropping a point in a goalless draw at Ostarava, Slovan stretched their lead to three points.

Then with the league's top scorer, Jan Capkovic, apparently out of touch they dropped three points in the next two games to open out the league race once more.

Though only in mid-table, the best supported club, Sparta Prague, rose to the occasion to beat Slovan 2-1 and then the Bratislava club dropped their first home point of the campaign (after eight successive victories) in a 1-1 draw against Trinec in which they were somewhat fortunate to escape defeat.

Fortunately for Slovan, VSS Kosice have lost their scoring touch and in their first three games following the restart they recorded three 0-0 draws—at home to Teplice and away to Ostrava and Slavia in Prague.

Neighbours

Spartak Trnava, now managed once more by Anton Malatinsky, appear to be Slovan's biggest threat. Starting with a convincing 2-0 home win over Sparta Prague, Trnava then drew 0-0 away to Trinec and followed that with a fine 4-2 home win over neighbours Trencin to get within four points of the leaders.

Dukla Prague are the other club with a title chance but they too picked up only three points from three games, crashing 1-3 away to Trencin in Slovakia before hammering luckless Brno 4-0 at the Bohemians stadium.

Dukla's own ground—Juliska—is unavailable now and will be for an expected two years while a 30,000 seat stand is built and the ground reconstructed.

Until now, despite their distinguished record, the Army club's ground has had very few seats and no cover at all!

The Czech FA has finally allowed itself to be persuaded to take part in the "Pequena Copa del Mondo" being staged in Brazil in June. With his team out of the European Championship Cup, national team manager Ladislav Novak no doubt used his influence to give his squad further international experience, but it means reorganising the domestic programme.

Now the FA Cup final will be put off until next season and the league programme finished in a hurry. This means playing six matches each during April, despite an 11-day break for Novak and the national squad!

Antoniadis scores for Panathinaikos in a friendly against Honved of Hungary.

Puskas aims for title

SINCE catching up on their Greek league programme after putting off several matches at the time of their "World" play-off against Uruguay's Nacional, Panathinaikos have continuously occupied first place in the table. But though manager Ferenc Puskas will almost certainly steer the club to the championship (and European Cup) once more, they falter every now and again to give the tussle at the top a slight degree of uncertainty.

There are several reasons contributing to this situation which basically stems from the tremendous rivalry engendered between the clubs of Athens—Panathinaikos, AEK—and the team from Piraeus, the port of Athens—Olympiakos and Ethnikos. Panathinaikos have taken eight points from a possible nine in their last three games, and that ninth point was snatched away in spectacular fashion by . . . Ethnikos! Before a capacity 45,000 crowd at the Karaiskaki Stadium in Piraeus, Panathinaikos seemed to have matters well in hand and stormed to a 3-1 lead. Then that peculiarly Greek (and particularly Athens-Piraeus) chemistry began to work and with Ethnikos centre-forward Kriticopoulos scoring all the goals, Ethnikos came back to draw at 3-3.

The previous weekend, while Panathinaikos were beating Iraklis 2-0, another derby eased the pressure on Puskas and his squad. Olympiakos and AEK clashed at Karaiskaki before another 45,000 capacity crowd and drew 1-1. Olympiakos, who are Puskas' greatest threat, were without one of their key forwards Arghirudis (who was ill) but still took the lead through Triantafilos. Then late in the game, the veteran international Papaioannou equalised for AEK. A week later, while Panathinaikos were dropping a critical point to Ethnikos, both Olympiakos and AEK won away from home to close the gap a little, but then at home to Appollon, the leaders made no mistake with their leggy centre-forward Antoniadis recovering his temporarily lost goal-touch scoring twice and winning 3-0.

Olympiakos managed a 3-2 home win over Iraklis (Triantafilos getting all three) but AEK went down 1-2 at home to Trikala to allow Olympiakos up into second place. Now with eight games to come it is Panathinaikos with a four-point lead over Olympiakos and AEK and the two Salonika clubs, PAOK and Aris, spread out at one-point intervals after Olympiakos in that order. Eight games to go—and everything to play for.

BENFICA BID FOR DOUBLE

WITH only six games left in Portugal, Benfica hold a clear six-point lead over Vitoria Setubal, their closest challengers, with local rivals Sporting Lisbon, a further two points behind.

Benfica's double bid — the League Championship and the European Cup —has taken its inevitable toll, however, and led to their first league defeat of the season.

Trailing by a goal to nil from the first leg in Rotterdam, Eusebio & Co. produced a sparkling performance to crush Feyenoord 5-1 before a capacity 70,000 crowd at the Estadio da Luz.

Twenty-three-year-old Nene was the hero of the evening with three goals while Eusebio and another newcomer, Jordao, were the other scorers.

Four days later came the almost inevitable reaction and away to Barreirense at Barreiro, Benfica went down 1-0 at the 24th league hurdle.

Previously they had won 20 and drawn three (!) for a goals tally of 62 to 9 but on this occasion though they were far below their best, Nene twice hit a post. Serafin hit the vital goal in the first half.

When Vitoria Setubal traded their free-scoring centre-forward Baptista for Benfica's gangling spearhead Torres (and a substantial cheque) last summer, many of their supporters were disappointed.

Luckless

But this season while Baptista has been hard-hit by injuries, Torres has been knocking in goals steadily. In the last three matches he has scored seven goals—three in a 4-0 home win over Leixoes; two more in the 2-0 away win over luckless Academica, and another pair in a 3-0 win in the cup against Beira Mar, which puts Vitoria into the last eight.

His league tally with six games left is 19, two less than Benfica's Artur Jorge but one more than the other major contender for the "golden ball", FC Porto's Brazilian star Flavio.

Academica of Coimbra staged something of a comeback in mid-season and seemed at one time to be pulling away from the relegation zone but the 0-2 home defeat against Vitoria Setubal sent them down four places to the bottom berth.

It's not over yet, however, for only two points separate six clubs, including Leixoes, Tomar, Boavista and Tirsense.

Lisbon's third club, Belenenses, have engaged yet another new boss, the Argentina-born Alejandro Scopelli who has worked all over South America and was at one time boss of Mexico's national team. On his debut with Belenenses he saw his new squad surprisingly beaten 3-1 by unfashionable Farense!

Bruges ahead

THE big three in Belgium—Standard-Liege, FC Bruges and RSC Anderlecht—have all had poor spells this season, and with Standard also involved in the European Cup the result is one of the closest races for many years. Almost anything can happen now with everything hanging on the last four games for only two points separate the three pace-makers.

RSC Anderlecht got off to a poor start with the players apparently unable to get along with their newly appointed coach Georg Kessler—German-born and not long ago boss of the Dutch national team.

But little by little, Anderlecht recovered and with both Bruges and Standard dropping points like confetti the Pare Astrid club have beaten bottom of the table Beveren (3-1) and won 1-0 away to FC Diest—the home side kindly missing a penalty(!) to move up into second place.

Standard have, no doubt, been affected by the strain of their European Cup commitments and lacking a regular scorer since foolishly parting with their German star Erwin Kostedde last summer (and the failure of his Swedish replacement Johannesonn) they have found goals difficult to come by.

At home to Royal FC Antwerp they were expected to win well but could only draw 1-1 with a goal scored by full back Jacques Beurlet.

Then, a week later, away to Union St. Gilloise, they took an early lead through their Yugoslav star Sylvestre Takac and should have romped away with the points.

In fact Union snatched an equaliser to steal a precious point and that weekend Anderlecht moved up into second place above them on the uniquely Belgian rule that bars goal average and reckons on the number of victories.

Top place

With four games left FC Bruges still lead but two points behind are Anderlecht and Standard, with the fourth club, Racing White, out of the running nine clear points behind the leaders.

For the first time since 1958, when Standard shared top place with Antwerp (and won on victories), it seems the title could be decided this way again.

Bruges have 17 wins (three defeats); Anderlecht have 16 wins and four defeats, while Standard, out of the Copa Europa now and only one thing on their minds, have only 14 victories but only two defeats.

Leon Semmeling of Standard Liege.

WORLD DIARY VISITS PERU

POLICE AT TRAINING SESSIONS!

by ROGER MACDONALD

THE sun rises early in Lima, and so do the police. On the duty sheet on a dirty crumbling wall in one of their district headquarters, pinned alongside the faces of desperadoes wanted dead or alive, is an entry for 8 a.m.: "Controlling crowds at San Martin stadium; national team training." Yes, in Peru several hundred people, sometimes several thousand, turn up at San Martin to see their heroes put through their paces by the new national coach, Hungarian Lajos Baroti. The stadium is only a mile from the city centre, half an hour's walk from the most dense suburbs where most of the unemployed live. As they walk along the dusty footways they may catch a glimpse of the players flashing past in smart cars or on noisy motor bikes, travelling in from their luxurious villas on the edge of town. Part of their fascination, they realise, is that football has brought some their wealth, and that football skills are within the reach of the most wretched citizen in the land.

Teofilio Cubillas is one such player to go from the proverbial rags to riches through his ability with the ball. And such ability: such dynamic, irresistible control that takes him past the best defenders in one galvanised surge. Cubillas is a player outside the normal laws of gravity, whose sleight of foot, incredible balance and electronic reactions combine to make him one of the greatest forwards in the world. Small wonder that he has just signed a new contract with Alianza, one of Peru's richest clubs, for just over £25,000. That sum will come to him over the course of just one year, and in Peruvian terms, it makes Cubillas effectively a millionaire.

Hector Chumpitaz of Peru.

When Cubillas trains, the attendance at a training session swells to two or three thousand. Armed police, strung along the inside of the barbed wire fence that surrounds every Peruvian ground, keep them from interfering with Baroti's programme. It used to cost a peseta to get in to the San Martin Stadium, until Baroti put a stop to it: "The fans pay enough at matches as it is," he said, "and this sort of loyalty should be rewarded. I find the players train better with a large audience."

In the weeks before the present ambitious tour, covering eight countries and lasting 45 days, the national squad trained for two hours each morning from Monday to Friday. Their exhibition had all the trappings of a circus act, with players dribbling on barrels, sprinting—yes, sprinting—with the ball along planks of wood a few inches wide, suspended many feet above the ground; and taking part in relay races over fantastic obstacles that would make an England international wonder if it was all a horrible nightmare and that he'd accidentally joined the Commandos.

Competition

Lajos Baroti took over the Peruvian team last July, following in the footsteps of the Brazilian Didi, lured away to Argentina by an enormous offer from the Buenos Aires club, River Plate. Baroti got the job because the Peruvian FA saw a film of Hungary's match against Brazil in the 1966 World Cup, undoubtedly the game of the competition, in which both teams touched heights of brilliance and the Hungarians were truly magnificent. As one of Peru's officials, Carlos Inurritegui, put it: "The man who could coach that team we felt was undoubtedly the man for us."

Baroti found the Peruvian team in sorry disarray after Didi's departure. Disappointed at their failure to beat Brazil in the World Cup, the Peruvian FA had abandoned the extensive training plan established by Didi, and by and large the players spent their entire time with their clubs. Baroti fought a long battle to get the men he wanted released for special national team practices—at first one day a week, then three, then five just before the current tour. "But it was an uphill struggle," he recalls, "that has resulted in much bitterness between the clubs and myself. If the tour is not a success, I have made so many enemies at home that I will surely be out of a job."

Baroti has made several changes from the team beaten, but by no means disgraced by Brazil in the hot Guadalajara sun during the Mexico World Cup. Out have gone goalkeeper Rubinos, whose passing is scarcely mourned by anyone, defender Campos of Sporting Crystal and forward Leon of Alianza. But the side still includes Hector Chumpitaz, captain of Lima's other great club, Universitario, and once again the national captain.

In midfield Roberto Challe and

Peru players in training . . . with an armed guard.

Ramon Mifflin are still there, hopefully less temperamentally explosive than they were in the year before Mexico. And supporting Cubillas among the forwards we have once again Hugo Sotil, returning Cubillas's passes like reflections from a mirror; and a new star, Percy Rojas, of Universitario, who possesses outstanding natural talent.

Interpreter

Baroti's shirt was soaked in sweat as the small hand in the stadium clock moved to 10.00 hours, although he had done little more than shout instructions to his players—usually through an interpreter, as Baroti's command of Spanish is not what it might be. Baroti spends a lot of his time studying the language, but he is, he admits, a "slow learner—quite a duffer at languages you might say."

But not such a duffer on the field. Even Cubillas, who had his reservations at first, admits that Baroti's ideas are good. "Like many of the boys, I couldn't see how a European coach could be much use to a South American side. But now I must admit Señor Baroti is a success; he doesn't turn our style upside-down, he extends it."

Baroti gained the confidence of the top Peruvians largely by striking up a friendship with the captain, Hector Chumpitaz. Another player from a poor background, Chumpitaz used to drive a tractor on a farm in his youth. Now he has a farm of his own but keeps his fascination for tractors, and Baroti has promised to get him a European model, through some contacts in East Germany.

Baroti was asked about the problems of club and country and gave a cautious, yet diplomatic answer. "I can appreciate the problems of the leading clubs," he said, "because they have to run themselves as a business, and each time I take their players away it's like losing a shop window of the best goods.

"But I hope I've now persuaded the leading teams that in the long run a strong national side will benefit them much more than the short-term gain of having their best players readily available. Certainly it was difficult at first, especially because in Hungary, frankly, I was accustomed to having any player or players I wanted, almost at a moment's notice. In Eastern Europe, where there is no official professionalism, the national team represents the State and the State takes priority automatically. In Peru, where there is a big commercial interest, things are done differently—and I have to accept this.

"No doubt you've heard about the row I had with Alianza and Universitario when I wanted some of their players to myself for one month before we left for Europe. These two clubs said that they had matches in the Liberation Cup, that's the equivalent for South American sides of the European Cup, and that under the circumstances no players could possibly be released.

"I got very angry at this, mainly because these two clubs had known what I wanted for many months, and they had plenty of time to reorganise their fixtures so that these games were played earlier. I began to suspect that they had deliberately done this to force a show-down with me.

"Eventually, of course, the Peruvian FA stepped in and decided that the players would come to me for two days and go back to their clubs for the rest of the week. This was better than nothing, but not really satisfactory, because as many as seven of my squad comes from Universitario and Alianza, including many of the key players. So preparations for this tour did suffer in that respect."

Problem

What about the problem of marrying the South American and European styles?

"You've got to remember that in Peru the important thing is the ball, and body contact is virtually non-existent. I knew that my players would be disconcerted if they came across the natural physical game of the Europeans, some of them would be, well, frankly, intimidated, and some would lose their tempers. Even if this did not lead to trouble on the field, it could only make them play below their best—either looking for a chance to retaliate or looking for the tackle before it came.

"To solve this problem, I got my defenders to use their strength and to foul the forwards as much as they could without actually injuring them. I would play practice matches with referees interpreting the laws in the European way, so that my players would know what to expect. They are used to strong tackling now, but at first they lost their tempers quite frequently—and on one occasion they had to send Cubillas off the field to cool down!

Red Star go ahead

Dzajic (third from the left) with some Red Star colleagues.

RED STAR BELGRADE have been without their captain and star left-winger Dragan Dzajic longer than they care to remember, and though he re-appeared briefly during their winter tour abroad he is once more out of action and missed the critical local derby with OFK Beograd as well as the Cup Winners' Cup match v. Dynamos Moscow.

Without Dzajic, Red Star could only draw (0-0) against OFK but playing on Saturday they moved up briefly into top place on goal average.

Then, the following day, the pace-makers Zeljeznicar (from Sarajevo) beat Radnicki 2-0 in Nis to regain their two-point lead at the top.

Another championship "possible" is Vojvodina of Novi Sad, whose manager, the former international wing-half Boskov, is also the present Yugoslav national team manager.

Away to Celik they missed their chance to move ahead of Red Star when they only drew 1-1. They remain in third place, level on points with Red Star; two points behind Zeljeznicar and two points ahead of OFK.

Well behind the leaders, and not too far from the relegation zone, are three well fancied teams—Dynamo Zagreb, Partizan and Hajduk Split—who all have 21 points from 21 games.

The first two recently appointed new managers who seemed at first to be capable of miracles but now the dust is settling it seems they must be content to fight it out for fifth and sixth places. Although sharing sixth place with only goal average between them, this trio are in fact only six points above the bottom club Radnicki of Kragujevac, who share the last berth with Maribor on the 15-point mark.

Thus there are two big battles going on—proof of the high standard and relative equality in the First Division: at the top four clubs compete for the title and beneath them only six points separate 13 clubs.

The difference between success and failure is, and will be seen to be—the ability to score goals against tough, well organised and intimidatory defences.

Following the outbreak of smallpox, everyone in the country had to be vaccinated and because of the temporary discomfort this entails the 22nd round of league matches was postponed . . . with the preparations of the big clash with the USSR then taking priority and Boskov's decision not to include Josip Skoblar (playing in France with Marseille) creating headlines.

CSKA KEEP GRIP

CSKA SOFIA, the team of the Bulgarian Army and known throughout the country as "Cheska", show no signs of losing their grip on the championship. Their only serious rivals have been their Sofia neighbours Levski who beat the Army team at the end of the autumn campaign but threw away their title chance on the re-start when they lost 2-1 in the local derby against bottom of the table Akademik, the club of Sofia University.

Since then CSKA have picked up five points from three games—drawing a little fortunately against Trakia in Plovdiv where Dermendiev put the home side ahead early on and CSKA equalised with a second-half penalty taken by Kolev.

Petar Jekov, Europe's top league scorer three years ago, then chipped in with a hat-trick in the 5-1 home win over Gabrovo and then played a vital, dual role in the local derby against Lokomotive Sofia.

Marachliev hit an early goal for CSKA and they seemed to have things well in hand. Then CSKA were awarded a penalty that should have settled the result, but in fact brought it back to life.

Jekov took the kick and hit his shot badly for the 'keeper to save and, "lifted" by this let-off, the Railway workers came back into the game. Lokomotive equalised at 1-1 but before the end Jekov produced a solo goal that proved the winner, and gave CSKA both points.

Levski, meanwhile, collected maximum points from their three matches thanks very largely to the scoring exploits of centre-forward Mitkov. A former international, though out of favour this season, Mitkov has hit eight goals in the last four games—including a hat-trick in the 4-2 win over Trakia Plovdiv (an FA Cup game) that puts Levski through to the semi-finals.

Though they pulled back a point, Levski still trail behind CSKA by five clear points (and an inferior goal average) and with the Army club in top gear that looks like an untouchable lead.

All four semi-finalists are Sofia clubs—CSKA beating Beroe in the quarter-finals 2-0, Slavia winning the Sofia derby 2-1 against Spartak and Lokomotive making it an all-Sofia affair by beating Dounav Rousse 4-1; 1-1 at 90 minutes and winning on penalty kicks.

Personal Opinion by LESLIE VERNON

As the boss was saying to his men

THE new manager, dressed as a circus ring-master and carrying a medium-sized whip, marched into the lounge for his first tactical talk. The players were sitting in a semi-circle, some of them reading the selected works of Byron and Keats, others listening to some light chamber music on their transistors.

"Good morning, darlings. As you all know, your old chief got the push because although you won the European Cup last season, you didn't do much in the League. My knowledge of football is limited, but I spent five years at Butlins as a Redcoat entertainment organiser, and recently took a troupe of Bluebell girls for a fortnight to Casablanca.

"As the club's average home attendance is only 328, including the groundsman's cat, it is obvious that this team needs a new showbiz image. First of all, you are all forbidden to have a haircut or shave. I want the defensive four to look like escapees from a Tarzan film, the tattooing of sculls and crossbones on their chests has already been arranged.

Private

"You have all heard of 'The Clan' —we shall be known as 'The Clowns'. You'll take the field walking on a tightrope from the dressing-room, wearing circus rig. Instead of the dull 1-12 numbering, every one of you will have his private telephone number on his back, just in case one of our lady fans wants to get in touch with you in a hurry.

"Before the game we do a man-mountain act, swallow a few swords, and the two wingers will do a few card-tricks near the touchlines. At half-time, the goalkeeper will saw one of the strikers in half. If he can't put him together again, it doesn't matter, we'll bring on the sub, who is an expert snake-charmer.

"After the match, the directors will perform their usual knife-throwing act — both the referee and I have volunteered as targets. If you happen to score a goal, the entire team must autograph the ball immediately, and then kick it into the delirious crowd. The stretcher-carriers have agreed to act as sandwich-men, so go down with cramp a couple of times.

Impress

"Every time they come on the pitch we get a free meal in a Pakistani restaurant. Chelsea haven't won anything, but their record referring to the manager's language at half-time 'Blue is the colour' has easily outsold Lulu. I have already commissioned Bejamin Britten to write a song for us.

"Both Alf Ramsey and Lew Grade will be here next Saturday. It's up to you who you want to impress. I would just like to mention that an England player gets 60 quid, while the same guy could pick up £500 at the London Palladium."

This kind of "tactical" planning might sound slightly far-fetched at present, but could easily be the frightening reality of the future. Football, madly chasing more and more publicity, greedily craving for every penny it can extract from commercial enterprises and, what is much worse, from gullible schoolkids, is on a dangerous suicidal course.

There must be a touch of showmanship in any kind of entertainment, but in football, it has to be limited, otherwise the noble essence of the game becomes distorted. It is unforgivable to prostitute such a magnificent sport for the sake of extra money. Initially, these shoddy gimmicks might work, but in the long term, must result in ridicule and bankruptcy.

Leeds United, to their eternal discredit, were the initiators of this new fashion, and at the same time, became the most over-praised team in Britain. Their manager weekly appeared on TV, practically dripping with adulation for "his boys". After they beat Southampton 7-0, it was generally agreed by people who have never been farther than Sheffield, that Leeds are the best team in Europe— if not the world. I wonder how these experts would rate Lierse, who beat Leeds 4-0 earlier this season, and are now fighting against relegation in Belgium.

For some obscure reason, the name of poor old Real Madrid kept cropping up. Johnny Giles, usually quite a reasonable character, said: "We are a better all-round side than Real. They had some outstanding individuals, but their defence was suspect. The only reason the Spaniards won the European Cup five years running is because they were able to play for it. We only had one opportunity." I agree with the second part of this sober assessment!

In fact, the only reason that I am not the heavyweight champion of the world is that every time I phone Joe Frazier, he is busy with some concert tour. Although I always take a battered tennis-racket with me to Wimbledon, Rod Laver walks past me, pretending that he doesn't see me.

But the Leeds players, Johnny, are not in the same class as the Real stars. Although Allan Clarke is slimmer than Puskas and Norman Hunter has more hair than Di Stefano, those two were worth the entire Leeds team, including the reserves. The reason why they were ever-present in the European Cup is that they automatically qualified as holders—it had nothing to do with the Spanish Championship.

But this unreasonable self-adulation is not confined to Leeds. Several teams bang the drums too loudly for my liking, and when they are beaten by a foreign club, the players are "stunned" and "sick", the fans cannot believe their eyes, and the Press swings from flattering superlatives to utter condemnation.

English football is good — very good! But our national team is not unbeatable and, at present, we haven't got a club side which deserves to be labelled "great". Since 1956, only one English club has reached the European Cup Final—if that is not evidence of comparative mediocrity, what is?

Although I must admit that I have a lot of sympathy with Bertie Mee's complaints regarding the lack of co-operation and help in Arsenal's quest for international honours. It is blatantly unfair to stop a player appearing for his club against Ajax (Radford), because he was sent off in a Football Combination match.

It should also be possible to postpone a couple of League matches prior to important Cup-ties. The answer, of course, and I make no apologies for repeating myself, is the reduction of teams in the First Division.

Rote turns down scholarship in favour of soccer

THIS year, the star-crossed but undaunted National Professional Soccer League, of the United States, has instituted its first college draft. This has nothing to do with Oxbridge butteries, beers drawn from the wood, still less the Vietnam war; it is simply the extension of the rather curious American practice which exists in their own native football.

There, every aspiring 300-pound tackle, every monosyllabic, 250-pound guard, every unpronounceable Polish-American tackle, must go through the necessary charade of a college education. There are those of you who may remember Mr. James Thurber's splendid Bolencewiecz—I will not answer for my spelling—a moronic football scholar, if the words be not contradictory, who failed to tally, when asked by a professor, to name "One means of communication."

Coloured

"Choo, choo, choo!" went the professor, hopefully, but to no avail. At last he demanded, "How do you come here, Mr. Bolencewiecz?" The massive student coloured. "I get an 'lowance," he mumbled.

This insistence on a largely meaningless college degree, when all the recipient wants to do is get into the big football leagues as soon as possible, is ultimately responsible for the system of the "draft", in which the professional clubs get together to sign the outstanding college players of their year, the weakest clubs by tradition—and very democratic, too—getting the first pick. Now the soccer clubs are at it; with, it must be conceded, one or two quite intriguing results.

Scholarship

Thus, Kyle Rote Jnr., who created a small sensation when he turned down a football scholarship to play soccer instead, at the Sweanee University, has signed for his local club, the Dallas Tornado. Rote is the son of a famous American football commentator who was once a famous player. By an odd coincidence, he happened to be in the very hotel in Dallas where the draft was made, and was quite surprised when informed his son has joined Tornado. He had not even known it was taking place!

Alain Maca, a full-back from Brockport State, wherever and whatever that is, is another intriguing "draft"; he joins the newly-formed Miami club, successors to the Washington franchise. Maca's father, surely a Belgian, was left-back in the celebrated American team which defeated England 1-0 at Belo Horizonte in the World Cup of 1950. "I would be very proud to follow in my father's footsteps," he said, "and some day play for the United States World Cup team."

Heritage

Maca's heritage, unlike Rote's, is directly in the soccer tradition, but young Rote's "conversion" to soccer shows the value of visits by foreign pro-

An essential part of your football kit...

World Soccer

the international magazine

PLACE A SUBSCRIPTION NOW

Subscriptions Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, please enter a 12 months' subscription commencing with issue dated..... enclosed herewith £2.70 (inclusive post UK/Europe) (USA $10) —other countries on application.

NAME:.....

ADDRESS: .....

.....

LOOKING AT SOCCER • BRIAN GLANVILLE •

Maca is shown after being signed by Miami coach Sal de Rosa, who coached the Rochester Lancers to the NASL title in 1970.

fessional sides. Dundee United had a very poor record when they represented Dallas in the so-called United Soccer Association tournament in 1967, but their play interested Rote and his friends sufficiently for them to start kicking a soccer ball about of their own accord; which in turn led to Rote turing down his American football scholarship to Oklahoma State.

No doubt that NASL see all this as a long, positive step towards that participation of the American young, that fostering and finding of locally bred heroes, which is essential if their game is to develop, but I fear there is a negative side to it, too. Far be it from me, of all people, to decry the fact that a professional soccer player is getting a decent education. Indeed, the whole phenomenon of Steve Heighway, who got an economics degree at Warwick University, then successfully turned pro with Liverpool at the "advanced" age of 22, showed that it could be done. American football players, as we have seen, are doing it all the time. But can it be done, in America, by soccer players? I am doubtful.

Colleges

Though the game has been played there, on and off, for so many years, there is no true tradition of soccer in the United States, no native and natural "school" in which the game can be learned. In few colleges is it anything more than the most minor and marginal sport. A Steve Heighway will have been playing, at one level or another, since the age of about six. An American college soccer player, if he be American born, is likely by the time he is "drafted" to have learned far too many bad habits ever to succeed. Even if he begins the game in high school, there is still a lack of tradition and ambience, there.

It is hard to see quite how to get round it, given the fetish in the United States for the college degree, the risk taken by any young man who doesn't get one. The only sane solution would be for local clubs to take good local players on their staff, for all effective purposes, at an early age, and continue to train them while they go through college. Absurdly, the rules about college players not becoming in any sense professional athletes are quite strict in the United States; though not strict enough to stop them being all but professional football players and the like, throughout their college career!

I know that the manager of Dallas, Ron Newman, once the Portsmouth outside-left, has done sterling work in the area, coaching boys and propagating the game; may he live to reap the reward of his devoted labours, a consummation devoutly to be wished to Phil Woosnam and Clive Toye, of the NASL, too. But the road is still hard, long and difficult; more so, ironically, than it might have been some ten years ago. For if, at the present, baseball, the summer game, has lost so much ground and prestige, professional American football has developed, in the image of its very players, into a swollen and swelling monster.

Mystique

The All-American male asserts his masculinity now, tough in his T-shirt, a can of beer ready to hand, by sitting for endless hours on a Sunday afternoon before his colour television set, watching the Behemoths crash into one another. The mystique has grown to such proportions that soccer cannot, or dare not, now hope to be played in its proper season, and the absurdity of it as an (American) summer sport scarcely requires underlining.

Mr. R. Y. Copland, an enterprising Englishman who has been doing, like Newman, splendid work among junior footballers—in the Massachussets region—has sent me an interesting resumé of a conference about soccer, held by the Marketing Class (*sic*) of Babson College, Mass., quite recently. Most of the students had little or no knowledge of soccer, but they came to the following conclusions:

1. The sport must be interesting and exciting. One is relieved to report that they decided it was.

2. There must be stars with whom people can identify. "American players of moderate ability would attract more spectators than foreigners of world class."

Here, I am not convinced. It would probably be truer to say that Americans of high calibre, if any exist, would attract more people than foreigners of world class.

3. There must be a large body of people with an interest in the game. (Granted, but this body must first be created.) This body must have money to spend and, if possible, juvenile memories of the game. (How do you induce that without brainwashing?)

Coverage

The students thought it would take "vigorous promotion" for ten years at youth and amateur level to achieve this.

4. Soccer must have a Press and television coverage to keep the sport daily before the public: "This hardly exists at all and may be one of the hardest battles ahead of soccer."

Another battle concerns the destruction of the image of brutality among violent ethnic groups. Alas, those stories of reciprocal viciousness among Ukrainians, Greeks, Poles, Italians and Armenians have the strongest basis in reality. Anyone who has seen what can happen when a visiting Italian team plays at Yankee Stadium (read Greek or Polish at Randall's Island, if you please) will know all too hideously well just what I mean.

News from France
by ANDRE DUCLOS

WILL ROGER GO HOME?

ROGER MAGNUSSON'S contract with Olympique Marseilles comes to an end this season, and there has been speculation that he may return to his native Sweden, as Ove Kindvall, ex-Feyenoord, has done. When this was put to him recently, however, Magnusson replied with some emphasis that this was by no means necessarily true. He was delighted, he added, that his brother had now got into the first team of his Atvidaberg club, but this did not mean that he himself would be leaving Marseilles for Atvidaberg.

The recent African Nations Cup, played in the Cameroons—which produced a fine centre-forward and first President of the French Players' Union in Eugene N'Jo Léa—was full of players with French clubs. The curious and unexpected thing was that the hero of group-finals and Final should not be the renowned Salif Keita of St. Etienne, should not even be the Ajaccio centre-forward, M'Pele—though he did score the Final's winning goal—but a little forward who isn't playing for a league club.

His name is Michel M'Bono, he is 26, and he plays for an amateur club ten miles outside Lille called Pussignan. Since the number of foreign domiciled players with each African team was restricted to two, M'Bono had to go through the farcical procedure of resigning from Pussignan before setting off for the Cameroons.

Amateur championship

Nicknamed The Sorcerer, this tiny fellow tormented the hefty Sudanese, holders of the trophy, in the qualifying game which Congo won 4-2, he himself scoring two of the goals. Then, in the Final against Keita's Mali side, he came on to the field after 58 minutes, scored with his first kick, added another, and gave the initiative and the Cup to Congo. By the time you read this, one imagines he will be playing in a somewhat higher grade than the Division of Honour of the French amateur championship. Lille themselves, who look as if they will go straight back to the Division Nationale, could do badly with his goals.

Mali and Keita were unlucky, for an ankle injury cut down both Keita's appearances and his effectiveness. In the Final itself, he was clearly not fit, missed several chances he might otherwise have converted, and eventually had to limp off the field.

Narrowly defeated

Reverting to Magnusson, he caught at Tartar—or rather, an Englishman—when Marseilles played the Division Nationale team, Brest, in the Cup. He was opposed by Nigel Page-Jones, a left-back from Gloucester who settled in Brest after marrying a local girl. Nothing daunted by the lustre of his opponent, Page-Jones had the better of exchanges. Since then he and Brest, narrowly defeated, have returned to the obscurity of the Division Nationale.

As for Lille, their drawing potential was shown when Olympique Marseilles played there, beat them, and drew a 16,000 crowd; double the number they need for economic survival.

Lille are not by any means a bad team, and they do have two outstanding players; the Chilean midfield player, Ignacio Prieto, formerly with Peñarol of Montevideo, and the French international forward, Edmond Baraffe; both of whom played splendidly against the Champions.

Prieto, though playing so well, has an understandably disappointed air about him nowadays. He would like to stay in France, but if Lille are relegated, it may be assumed that he will not remain with them, but will go to one of the numerous, more successful clubs which have admired him.

As far Baraffe, his story is one of courage and rehabilitation. He was a French international at 23, renowned for his precise shot, but his club, Toulose, forced him to play too soon after a knee injury, and for five years he suffered in consequence. Today, at 30, he still makes a habit of flexing the knee when sitting at home. His willpower has brought him back into major football as a salient figure; some consolation for those years of disappointment and gloom.

There was surprise in Marseilles when the Yugoslav team manager, Boskov, proudly announced that he had no need in his Nations Cup team for France's most prolific scorer, Josip Skoblar. Somewhat gratuitously, rather like a man who is making the best of a bad case, Boskov insisted that there were at least three left-wingers in Yugoslavia better than Skoblar; Dragan Dzajic, understandably, being the first of them. But this was outrageously to beg the question. Skoblar never has played as an orthodox left-winger for Marseilles; he is essentially a striker, a centre-forward, and I understand that many Yugoslavs do not share Boskov's cavalier assessment of his importance to the national team; or, to be exact, the lack of it.

White background

A curious initiative by Ajaccio, the Corsican club: they are playing, now, without a number 11. More precisely, the player who should be wearing the number 11 shirt no longer does so. So heavily striped are these jerseys, so difficult is it to distinguish the numbers on them at all, that Ajaccio have simply given up, when it comes to the confusions of number 11. Of course, there *is* an alternative: put the numbers on a white background. Perhaps in due course Ajaccio will come round to that. In the meantime, there is hardly any mistaking their two excellent black players, M'Pele and the centre-back Tresor, now, of course, a full French international—capped against Hungary in Budapest.

Having, at the end of last season, lost Hervé Revelli, Camerini, Bosquier and Carnus, are poor St. Etienne now going to lose Salif Keita as well? His contract is up this summer, and many clubs both inside and outside France covet the tall, slim Malian centre-forward. No wonder more than a hundred anguished supporters have addressed a petition to the Mayor of the town, begging him to do all in his power to see that Keita stays.

The Dutch scene.....by JOHN SPARROW

Linder joins "dole queue"

A GAME of soccer "musical chairs" ends the same as any other — with someone dethroned. And when the music stopped on the Dutch merry-go-round of recent weeks, the much-maligned PSV trainer, Kurt Linder, found himself on the way to the dole queue.

Linder, the hard man of Dutch soccer, was sacked by the Eindhoven club with a year of his contract to run. Appointed was FC Twente's Kees Rijvers, who takes over from him on July 1.

For PSV, one of Holland's big six, participation in one of the three European cups is vital for economic health. But tenth in the Premier Division and out of the Dutch Cup, the 1972-73 season will see no competitive international football in Eindhoven. With a wealth of talent — and a considerable wage bill—mediocre performance is intolerable for the club and has caused a financial blow. One official told me: "Normally the top clubs in Dutch football can't manage without these international games.

Troubles

"Kurt Linder cannot take all the blame for our bad results this season but his methods have caused several misunderstandings with players. His system is hard and severe and there have been a lot of troubles. The last few years in Holland have seen considerable changes in how you can handle players. They don't take everything like they did five or 10 years ago," he said.

Then, strange to tell, after PSV had paid up their dues and Linder was looking forward to a year's holiday, the German was named as favourite by Sparta players to fill the coming vacancy caused by 63-year-old Elek Schwartz quitting training. Basic trouble in the Eindhoven camp had been the team's rejection of Linder's tough system, yet in Rotterdam a players' poll declared his iron glove was just what they needed.

Successor

Management favoured Pim Visser from the amateur club, Xerxes, while also in the running was Sparta's assistant trainer, 28-year-old Leo Steegman. And while the outcome was awaited with bated breath it become known that FC Den Haag were also interested in Linder—as possible successor to Vaclav Jezek if the Czech authorities force him to return to his home country (WORLD SOCCER, March).

In the event the Sparta job went to Steegman—now the youngest trainer in the country—and, at the time of writing, the Jezek question was still awaiting a final decision from the Czech Ministry of Sport and Culture.

The chances of Jezek staying at Den Haag have picked up considerably. Just two months ago they were slim with the Czech authorities anxious for him to return, after a considerable spell abroad, to help fill a trainer shortage. Now Jezek himself rates the odds of staying as 70 per cent in favour. The Czech trainers' committee has recommended he be allowed to stay in Holland, and it seems likely the country's football association will give like advice to the Ministry of Sport and Culture.

At FC Twente, 38-year-old Antoine "Spitz" Kohn, the ex-Luxembourg international five years the assistant in Rijvers' shadow, takes over as trainer next season. Kohn had announced he was leaving Twente simply to advance his career. He was having talks with several First Division clubs when Rijvers' impending departure prompted Twente to offer Kohn the job.

Demoralised

Feyenoord walked away from their 5-1 European Cup thrashing at the hands of Benfica a demoralised side. With 20 minutes to go they looked to have a good chance of a place in the semi-finals. The score was 2-1 to Benfica and with Feyenoord's 1-0 victory in Rotterdam it was enough to win on the away-goals system. Benfica netted a third but Laseroms nodded home a Schneider free kick, and little Holland went beserk . . . until the referee disallowed it. (And having seen the TV film twice his decision seems to have no foundation.) From that point on Feyenoord were broken and Benfica turned on a brilliant display to end the affair 5-1.

One factor remained clear, Feyenoord need more power up front. Which brings us to the strange affair of Gerd Muller, Bayern Munich's star centre-forward. In the weekend of March 11-12, Muller stoutly denied rumours that he was trying to get a contract with Feyenoord, Standard Liege or Olympique Marseilles. (Indeed he has a contract with Bayern until 1973 and the club have said they won't sell before then even for £235,000.) "These rumours are complete nonsense," said Muller. "I have not been approached by Dutch, Belgium or French clubs and

● *Continued on page 36*

Action from the match between Feyenoord and Telstar . . . won 3–1 by Feyenoord. The players, left to right, are: Posthumus, Schoenmaker, and Van der Meeren.

DIDI CONTINU ON WITH THE

ARGENTINA

THE strike of Argentina's professional soccer players lasted about a month, but meanwhile the national championship continued with amateurs. When it was finally over, with neither side apparently having gained anything, most clubs decided to suspend their professionals until the end of the year—which was a good way to get out of paying their salaries. The Argentine F.A. got the clubs to lift this suspension to ease negotiations with the players, but River Plate decided to finish the championship with their amateurs.

The Club's Brazilian coach, Didi, had found that the amateurs followed his instructions much better. They were doing well but, as has now become the habit with River Plate, they failed at the vital stage and just failed to make the top four play-off. Yet the Club decided to renew Didi's contract for another season in spite of controversy.

Exciting

Boca Juniors, the other big club, were involved in an exciting finish on the last day of the National Championship. Level on points in second place with San Lorenzo in Section "B", it depended on which of the two scored more goals on the last day. Boca Juniors made surprisingly light work of Velez Sarsfield to win 5-0, but San Lorenzo also went all out for goals, beat Colon de Santa Fe 4-1 and made the last four by two goals.

The season showed another improvement by the provincial clubs not directly affiliated to the F.A. and who qualified for the National Championship via regional competitions. Belgrano de Cordoba finished third in "A" Section and Gimnasia y Esgrima de Mendoza fourth in "B" Section. These players are only semi-professionals, but at this rate one of these clubs should make the last four next time.

As this goes to press, Independiente, the season's Metropolitan First Division champions, are due to meet San Lorenzo in one semi-final, while the two Rosario clubs, Central and Newell's Old Boys were drawn to meet in the other.

Final National Championship placings were:

Section "A"	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
INDEPENDIENTE	14	10	4	–	31	13	24
NEWELL'S O.B.	14	9	5	–	37	10	23
Belgrano (Cordoba)	14	9	3	2	28	13	21
River Plate	14	8	5	1	26	13	21
Argentinos Juniors	14	7	1	6	22	22	15
Ferrocarril Oeste	14	4	6	4	22	20	14
Banfield	14	4	5	5	23	22	13
Kimberley	14	4	5	5	22	21	13
San Martin (Mendoza)	14	3	6	5	20	20	12
Gimnasia y Esgrima	14	3	3	8	22	30	9
Huracan	14	3	3	8	19	27	9
Juventud Antoniana	14	3	2	9	23	30	8
Don Crisoe (Chaco)	14	4	–	10	16	34	8
Huracan (C. Rivadavia)	14	1	1	12	11	55	3

Section "B"	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
ROSARIO CENTRAL	14	9	3	2	27	13	21
SAN LORENZO	14	8	4	2	37	19	20
Boca Juniors	14	8	4	2	34	17	20
Gimnasia y Esgrima	14	7	5	2	28	21	19
Atlanta	14	6	4	4	25	17	16
Velez Sarsfield	14	5	6	3	21	20	16
Estudiantes de La Plata	14	4	4	6	22	19	12
Racing Club	14	4	4	6	20	21	12
Chacarita Juniors	14	5	2	7	16	20	12
Colon de Santa Fe	14	3	6	5	21	26	12
San Martin (Tucuman)	14	4	4	8	22	30	12
Guarani A. Franco	14	3	4	7	18	26	10
Cent. Cordoba	14	3	3	8	17	33	9
Huracan (Bahia Blanca)	14	2	4	8	7	25	8

Joint top scorers: Obberti (Newell's) and Luftiz (Gav. Antoniana) 10.

BRAZIL

Botafogo de Rio, San Paulo and Atletico Mineiro are the three finalists in the Brazilian national championship. Final placings in the semi-final groups were as follows:

Group "A": San Paulo 8 pts., Cruzeiro de Bello Horizonte 5, America de Rio 4, Corinthians de San Paulo 3.

Group "B": Atletico Mineiro 7 pts. (on goal average), Internacional de Porto Alegre 7, Santos 6, Vasco de Gama de Rio 4.

Group "C": Botafogo de Rio 8 pts., Palmeiras de San Paulo 6, Gremio de Porto Alegre and Curutiba 5.

Exchange

Tops in transfers was reached when international forward, Paulo Cesar, was transferred from Botafogo to Flamengo, both Rio clubs, for 310,000 dollars and defender Brito and forward Nei. The other end of the scale was the exchange of three players for an omnibus between provincial clubs, America, of Minas Gerais, and Londrinas (Parana). The value of the bus was not published.

CHILE

With one game to go, Union San Felipe are the new champions of Chile. The team only won promotion to the First Division this season, but more about them in my next article.

The second of Colombia's two annual First Division championships the Campeonato Finalización — has finished with the two Bogotá clubs, Millionarios and Santa Fe, first and second respectively. They now play off for the title with the top two clubs in the first tournament, Nacional de Medellin and Deportivo Cali, who finished third and fourth this time.

Final placings (Campeonato Finalización):

1, Millionarios 39 pts.; 2, Santa Fe 35; 3, Nacional 33; 4, Deportivo Quindio, Deportivo Cali 30; 6, Once Caldas 28; 7, Dep. Cucuta 26; 8, Deportivo Pereira 25; 9, Union Magdalena 23; 10, America de Cali 22; 11, Real Cartagena 21; 12, Junior de Baranquilla, Oro Negro 18; 14, Tolima 14

ECUADOR

Guayaquil club, Barcelona, retained the Ecuador title and will represent the country in the South American Club Championship, together with vice-champions, America (Quito). Leading championship scorer and one of Barcelona's mainstays was none other than veteran Alberto Spencer of Peñarol (Uruguay) fame.

Final league placings were as follows:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Barcelona	14	6	6	2	20	13	18
America	14	4	9	1	18	11	17
Emelec	14	4	7	3	12	9	15
Nacional	14	5	5	4	18	17	15
Universidad Catolica	14	4	5	5	17	17	13
Universitaria (Quito)	14	4	5	5	13	14	13
Deportivo Cuenca	14	2	9	3	8	12	13
Univ. (Porto Viejo)	14	2	4	8	14	27	8

PERU

The Peruvian First Division Championship, which was suspended during the Olympic preliminary group tournament at Colombia, still has six games to go, and placings are:

ES TO PLAY AMATEURS

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

1, Universitario, 38 pts.; 2, Juan Aurich de Chiclana, Alianza Lima 32; 4, Sporting Cristal, Deportivo Municipal 30; 6, Defensor Lima 28; 7, Melgar 27; 8, Sport Boys 26; 9, Torino 23; 10, Defensor Arica 21; 11, Tuman 20; 12, Manucci 19; 13, Octavio Espinoza 17; 14, Atletico Deportivo Olimpico 15; 15, Galvez 13; 16, Miraflores 12.

URUGUAY

The player's strike, which had started in Uruguay about the same time as in Argentina, also finished the same week. The First Division Championship was resumed and is now in its final stages with the two big clubs, Nacional and Peñarol, in joint leadership as usual.

Liverpool's valiant effort wasn't enough, although they are still third and show no signs of slipping from that position.

In its final stage, the championship is now divided into two groups, the top six playing each other for the third time to decide the title, but carrying on with points obtained previously. While the other six clubs, adding on points obtained last season, play each other once more to decide relegation.

Current standings:

Top Group: 1, Peñarol, Nacional 37 pts.; 3, Liverpool 32; 4, Bella Vista 28; 5, Danubio 27; 6, Huracan Buceo 19.

Bottom Group: 1, River Plate 25; 2, Cerro 23; 3, Defensor 22; 4, Central Español 19; 5, Sudamerica 18; 6, Racing 13.

ROSARIO CENTRAL of Argentina. Standing left to right: M. Killer, Menutti, Pascutini, Landucci, Fanesi, Gonzalez. Front: Boveda, Almar, Poy, Colman, Gramajo.

THREE QUIT IN IRELAND

by COLIN McALPIN

W. S. GILBERT might have made a great deal of the Irish League: a line-up of Jimmy Hill, Alfie McMichael and Alex McCrae singing "A Manager's Lot is not a Happy One" and Gibby McKenzie, who, as members of the Northern Ireland Football Writers' Association can tell you, is no mean entertainer anyway, rendering "The Reward of Merit". Distillery officials might be thrown in to contribute "Is Life a boon?" and the IFA rounding it all off with "The Coming By-and-By".

It's been that sort of month for Northern Ireland football. The three managers—Hill of Linfield, McMichael of Bangor and McCrae of Glentoran—all decided to depart the scene; Gibby McKenzie of Portadown considered an offer from Windsor Park and decided to sign a three-year contract with the Shamrock Park club he has taken to the Irish Cup Final and a high place in the League table; Distillery continue to ponder the advantages of a move to Newtownabbey and the IFA continue to hold summit meetings which produce little but promises.

Jimmy Hill's break with the Blues came as something of a shock for the former Derry City boss and Northern Ireland international had been anything but unsuccessful at Windsor Park. No real reason for the move came from Jimmy other than a vague suggestion that full-time management wasn't up his street. He had, it is true, suffered a lot of stick from the more critical, and largely ill-informed, section of supporters but then all Linfield managers face the same problem; even, I suspect, Don Revie and Sir Alf Ramsey would find the going hard on the Lisburn Road.

His announcement came immediately after Linfield's quarter-final cup defeat at the hands of the vastly-improved Portadown (though his decision had been made before the game). Linfield, at that time, were joint league leaders and hotly tipped to retain the title. Since his departure they have slumped so badly that as I write with only a couple of games to go their hopes are all but gone completely.

Dreadful decline

Alfie McMichael's announcement that he would leave Bangor at the end of the term came after 20 games without a win and in that respect wasn't at all surprising. Alf, the former Newcastle United and Northern Ireland full-back, took over at Clandeboye Park from the late Charlie Tully and at the start of the season seemed to be continuing the good work started by Charlie. But a dreadful decline set in and though he had introduced several promising youngsters it wasn't enough to get the side back on the rails.

Ironically enough, shortly after he announced his pending departure the Seasiders gave league leaders Glentoran a run, for their money and followed it up with a shock Easter Monday beating of "double" chasing Ports at Shamrock Park. Which must prove something!

And there we had Alex McCrae with the table-topping Glentoran making all the late running and taking over as everybody's tip for the title . . . and Alex suddenly announced he was opting out. This, in a way, wasn't all that surprising for earlier in the season it had rumoured that he would go at the end of the season. At the time it was denied but when the break finally came—for domestic reasons as his elderly father back in Scotland needs caring for—it was a great shock.

It does mean that the unhappy Glens—who have had in the past 14 years as many managers almost—must try again to get a boss who will stay and who will be able to live in the highly-competitive atmosphere that is the Oval.

Oddly enough, in the case of Hill and McCrae, the moves were made by managers who by any standards were successful. Which must have set those who were less so thinking.

Gibby McKenzie was freely tipped for the Linfield job (he has held it before) and more so, possibly, when he made an offer himself to Jimmy Hill to join Portadown as a player. But though Linfield did talk to him he declined and remains with the side he has built into one of the most attractive in local football.

The wrap-up to the league programme has been exciting and full of excellent football. The game between Ards and Portadown at Shamrock Park was one of the best matches I've watched in years, though they were just two of four clubs battling for the title. And even as I write the title is far from won . . . though I'll go along with the crowd and say that by the time you read this Glentoran will have won it (even though at times their football hasn't been all that convincing. It has been said, unfairly I think, that if they did win it they would be the only club to do so without a forward line).

Player-manager

Ards, at one stage towards the end, did look all set for success but they ran up against Crusaders at Seaview and suffered a painfully one-sided 4-0 hammering which all but wrecked their chances. Though they can take some crumb of comfort from the knowledge that in the remarkable Billy Humphries, 32 and still the best footballer in the game, they have a player-manager who gives his all. Though in another context it's often a disadvantage for he is relied upon too heavily. Even Humphries, no matter how good he is, can't do it all!

Crusaders, with the youngest side and in Billy Johnston the youngest boss in the Irish league, climbed into joint third place with two games to go and underlined their claims of impending greatness next season. Billy, a former Northern Ireland international, has built around him a side of great potential and has spent this season sorting out what was, in the initial stages, a weak defence and a punchless forward line. Now that he reckons he's got it the way he wants it Seaview fans wait for next August . . . and a chance to prove that past, rare successes were only the beginning of a more sustained spell in the limelight.

Highly populated

Distillery, with no ground of their own and the resulting difficulty in keeping up the interest of fans and players alike, could certainly teach the giants of Madison Avenue a thing or two about Public Relations. Still very much of a mind to set up a new home in Newtonabbey, the Whites have set in motion a series of "meet the players" sessions with schoolboys from the area and plan, as I revealed recently, a really hard sell of the club in the highly-populated Newtownabbey. When P.R. finally comes to the local game on a big scale, as I believe it must, then we'll all remember the go-ahead Distillery as the pioneers . . . and thank them for their trail-blazing.

Klaus Scheer and Norbert Nigbur, of Schalke 04, were not considered by the German FA for the international against Hungary.

Bayern storm ahead again

DESPITE an incredibly charged programme, Germany's best team, Bayern Munich, are successfully fighting on three fronts: in the *Bundesliga* championship they have taken over from Schalke at the top. In the DFB-Cup they reached the quarter-final hurdle presented by Cologne, whilst in the Cup Winners' Cup Bayern reached the semi-final stage. Best news of the month was the signing of a new three-year contract by their redoubtable centre-forward Gerd Müller, to end all speculation about his departure from the club, with whom he has matured into a world class striker and in whose colours he has celebrated his greatest triumphs.

Bayern's assault on the championship crown was helped along, to some extent, by the unfortunate—though as yet unproven—involvement in the bribery affairs by several Schalke players. Their young and highly ambitious team was going great guns, but the shadows of an imminent inquiry into their match against Arminia Bielefeld on April 17 of last year, appear to have affected their current performances.

Charges

The players are alleged to have collected a "bonus" for losing 0-1 in order to help Arminia in her fight against relegation. Although no definite charges had been proferred against any Schalke stars, not one of them has been selected for the two internationals (one at Under-23 level) v. Hungary! But curiously enough Schalke's gates have not suffered, for they are still drawing on average 30,000 fans to their home games.

Bayern, however, are producing consistently good form at the right time and unless their heavy commitments take their toll, the Bavarians must be firm favourites for their second *Bundesliga* title.

Bayern rate this even above the Cup Winners' Cup and if further proof were needed as to what kind of programme they were facing, then this example provides the answer: on Saturday, April 1, Bayern played the cup quarter-final v. Cologne. The next day(!), the team flew to Paris to play a friendly against Benfica on Sunday, while on Wednesday they entertained Glasgow Rangers in the first leg of their Cup Winners' semi-final. In addition, six Bayern men were engaged in the international against Hungary just three days before meeting Cologne. Both German goals in that 2-0 win in Budapest were scored by Bayern's youngest stars Breitner and Hoeness—the other four from their ranks were Maier, Beckenbauer, Müller and Schwarzenbeck.

The club are gradually getting used to chasing honours "wholesale". Season before last for instance, Bayern played 75 matches in various competitions and friendlies! Of their nearest challengers for the title apart from Schalke, the defending champs, Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach, appear to have faded from the race which was hardly surprising, considering that they have lost through injury virtually their entire defence!

Vogts, Müller, Sieloff and Bleidick (the back four), have been out, and thus it was too much to expect from an under-strength team to keep up with the pacemakers. BMG's hopes virtually ended with that 0-1 defeat at Hamburg, whose goal was hit by that old warrior Uwe Seeler in his own inimitable style. Seeler is finally retiring at the age of 35 from all active football and on May 1, he will be honoured by a testimonial match in which some of the greatest stars have been invited to participate, including Dzajic, Cruyff, Rivera, Facchetti, Bene, Schnellinger, Van Himst, Johnstone, Law, Gemmell, Banks, Moore, Hurst, Bobby Charlton and George Best!

Sad footnote: At the bottom of the *Bundesliga* stand Borussia Dortmund, only six years ago proud Cup Winners' Cup holders, now in danger of relegation . . .

Cologne goalkeeper Torwart Wetz saves from Jupp Heynkes.

Brazilian Notebook • by HANS HENNINGSEN

Pele signs contracts

PELE has signed two more advertising contracts which will considerably swell his already substantial income. One, with a Brazilian company that exports coffee, is worth 50,000 US dollars, plus monthly royalties based on sales. The second is with Pepsi-Cola for 180,000 US dollars. This contract stipulates that Pele teaches the arts of soccer to young boys in 115 countries. Pele will make educational films, give talks and also play "live" in some of the countries. With these two new contracts, his income now exceeds 1,000,000 US dollars . . . and that figure doesn't include his salary with Santos.

Marco Antonio, of Fluminense and Brazil.

Tostao dispute

World Cup star Tostao received a ticker-tape welcome when he arrived in Rio de Janeiro after his transfer to Rio's Vasco de Gama club. He was met at the airport by directors of the club and lorry-loads of fans, who then accompanied him as he rode through the city on a fire engine.

Tostao, one of the key players in Brazil's 1970 World Cup victory in Mexico, was transferred to Vasco de Gama from Cruzeiro for a fee of 3.3 million cruzeiros (£220,000) with a Vasco player making up the part-exchange deal.

Atletico pelted

As long as South American crowds continue to throw missiles on to pitches, European teams will not be keen to play over here. But South American teams suffer, too. Atletico Mineiro, contesting the early stages of the Libertadores Cup, had an unhappy experience in Paraguay, where they were pelted with stones and other objects at the Puerto Sajonia stadium. But did the South American FA act against the Paraguayan clubs as did UEFA against Borussia Monchengladbach? Of course not.

Sao Paulo won their group with eight points, followed by Cerre Porteno and Olimpia with six and Atletico Mineiro on four. Also through with Sao Paulo to the semi-final stage are Penarol, Independiente, Barcelona de Guayaquil and Universitario de Lima.

A crowd of 137,000 paid 200,000 US dollars (a record) to watch a goalless draw between Botafogo and Flamengo in a Rio de Janeiro championship encounter. The match was all tactics, a real chess match.

Here are a few tips for players, officials and supporters who will be going to Brazil for the Independence Cup tournament.

Pitches will be in good condition, although not like Wembley; hotels are very comfortable and the food international; traffic jams can be expected on match days, so leave your hotel with plenty of time to spare; journalists will always be hanging around, from breakfast to dinner—if they are not, they probably think your team is not good enough; don't worry you Scots if you read that a Brazilian club is going to buy one of your players—this is normal practice here and the clubs named will probably be Fluminense and Vasco de Gama who never purchase players; smokers should bring their own cigarettes; Scots are advised to bring their own whisky (you can bring at least two bottles in with you), a bottle of imported whisky costs 25 US dollars or 3 dollars a measure in the bars; bring your cameras but never leave them, or money, unattended on the beach—you'll find they quickly disappear; don't worry, you will find plenty of sympathy, hospitality and nice girls.

Air raid attack

The place: Coritiba (Parana). More precisely, the Atletico Paranaense ground. In a local championship match, Atletico were beating Jandaia 6-0 when, after 75 minutes' play referee Mr. Vander Moreira blew his whistle and threw him-

Dirceu Lopes of Belo Cruzeiro and Brazil, considered to be one of Brazil's best ever players.

self to the ground, rapidly followed by all 22 players. An air raid? Yes, descending in a perfect loop, humming alarmingly, were thousands of African bees. Before they reached the players and officials, quick-thinking ground assistants rushed on to the pitch carrying burning paper torches. The bees disappeared as quickly as they had arrived. The match continued, but without any further goals. One poor player, having dived to the ground, only succeeded in putting his face into an ant hill.

'Chess match'

Referring back to that Botafogo - Flamengo "chess match", Zagalo said after the game: "It was a real chess match; something like Brazil and England in Guadalajara." But Joao Saldhana (ex-national coach) replied: "The public doesn't go to the stadiums to see Jairzinho, Paulo Cesar and others play chess. My advice to the public for the future is that if they want to see chess they would be better off going to Yugoslavia to see Fischer play Spassky; they play chess better than our players . . . even Pele!"

Poor relations

Sao Cristovao were training for their next match. One of the poor relations of the Rio First Division, they only had 21 professionals and coach Daniel Pinto wanted to stage a practice match. So, he called upon the services of a young man who was painting one of the walls of the stadium. Jorge Costa stopped his work, played, and three weeks later scored his first league goal. Pinto says Costa is a player of real promise.

Pele says no

Pele has turned down an invitation from Uwe Seeler to play in his testimonial match in Germany. Next September, when the match is scheduled to be played, is a busy time in Brazil with the national championship being contested. Also, it is thought that West Germany's decision not to compete in the Independence Cup tournament will not help Seeler's efforts to get either Pele or another Brazilian star.

A library at your fingertips....

BINDERS

Do you keep your copies of WORLD SOCCER in an unsightly pile? Here's your chance to transform them into a permanent library with a World Soccer luxury binder for only £1.00

World Soccer "Binder" Offer
Please send me .....
Old/New binder(s) at £1.00 (U.K. Only)
Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Webster's Publications Ltd
79 Temple Chambers London EC4

EUROPE'S TOP GOALGETTER

NOT since the balmy days of June 1970 and those valiant battles in the torrid heat of Mexico, have international matches fired the German fans' imagination like the forthcoming clashes with England in the quarter-finals of the European Championship. A solid contingent of several thousand volatile supporters will turn out at Wembley, on April 29, armed with the traditional "accessories" of German soccer crowds: flags, banners, klaxons, hunting horns and chanting their famous battle cry: "Deutschland vor, noch ein Tor" (Forward Germany, one more goal). At home, an audience of over 20 million followers will sit glued to their TV sets for the direct transmission of this "match of the year".

Once upon a time, German footballers feared England more than any other opposition, while their national side since that first encounter in 1901—when England won 12-0!—had to wait until 1968 before they registered their first-ever victory over the motherland of football! During this lengthy, unsuccessful period the Germans developed a healthy respect and almost a reverence for England, on whose style and methods their own game has been modelled.

Record

This exaggerated adulation is, or at least was, all the more remarkable since the German record at the highest level of football is clearly superior to England's: In fact the Germans won the World Cup in 1954, reached the Final in 1966, gained third place both in 1934 and 1970 and finished fourth in 1958—all in seven attempts. England, having competed six times, won the Jules Rimet trophy once (playing at home) in 1966, but otherwise never reached even fourth place

When at last, in 1968, at Hanover that historic goal by Beckenbauer destroyed the myth of England's invincibility, the Germans, for the first time, were able to approach subsequent meetings with England with a psychological advantage. This was evident during that memorable World Cup quarter-final in Leon, when they pulled back from 0-2, to defeat England by 3-2. The man who scored that sensational winner was Gerd Müller.

The rise to fame of this short, stocky and dark-haired centre-forward with dynamite in his feet, can truly be described as meteoric. He burst on the international scene just as millions of German fans were beginning to mourn the fade-out of their greatest goal-scoring hero, Uwe Seeler. He was their talisman and a demi-god, who combined all those qualities which the German people like to admire above all in themselves: courage, gallantry, fighting spirit and total commitment to the cause. Seeler was their symbol of inspiration and defiance. Even when he had to be left out of the team, either on account of injury, or later because of advancing years, and his colleagues had failed to please, the crowds would spontaneously start chanting "Uwe, Uwe."

Defensive

Now they have a new hero, Gerd Müller, who has practically caught up with Seeler's record of 43 goals in international matches. But Seeler needed 16 years and 72 caps to reach his total. Müller made his debut 5½ years ago, and in 36 internationals (exactly half Seeler's total!) has already scored 42 goals! And remember that Müller has reached his figures at a time when soccer has become more defensive than ever!

Seeler will, of course, forever be glorified for his astonishing mid-air volleys, acrobatic overhead flicks and his brilliant heading. He scored that equaliser in Leon against England with the back of his head! Only those who didn't know much about him claimed that he was lucky and blamed the poor English 'keeper. Yes, Seeler was spectacular, whilst Müller is a goal poacher extraordinary with that priceless gift — a genuine sharpshooter's instinct.

Marksmen

He is a deadly finisher, especially in the box, and often from the most acute angles with either foot, or with his head. Like with all great marksmen, his intentions are usually detected when it is too late!

He was, of course, the leading scorer in the Mexico World Cup with 10 goals from six matches. And he became the first German player to be elected Europe's "Footballer of the Year" for 1970. Müller also tops the all-time goal-scorers in the Bundesliga with 186 goals in 211 games. This season he is again leading the League goal-getters list with 34 to his credit, and he is well in the running for the annual "golden boot" award, which he has already claimed once and which is presented to the top scorer in European Leagues.

The recent dispute with his club, Bayern Munich, concerned the financial structure of his contract. Rumours that his famous team-mate Franz Beckenbauer enjoys considerably higher remuneration had unsettled Müller and caused him to seek clarification with the board. He was also unhappy over Bayern getting rid of the old guard, in particular the scheme Rainer Ohlhauser whose precision passing was a major factor in Müller's haul of goals.

In his place, as well as in that of Brenninger and others, the management signed a number of inexperienced forwards who needed time to adjust and who had thrown an additional burden on the shoulders of the established Bayern stars. Almost before Müller had time to announce his intention of leaving the club, offers began to pour in from various German and foreign clubs.

Hertha Berlin were the first to open negotiations but their involvement in the bribery scandal soon removed them from the bidding, moreover as Bayern's president Wilhelm Neudecker had publicly stated that Müller would not even be sold for two million D.M. (£235,000).

Average

Precisely this sum was offered by the former world and European champions Feyenoord of Rotterdam, with whom Müller had apparently begun serious negotiaions. With Italy and Spain still not allowing any foreign imports, only the wealthy Dutch clubs like Ajax or Feyenoord could have matched the financial demands of, and for the world's greatest goal-getter. Feyenoord, whose average gates last season were a staggering 48,235, and who have not yet found a replacement for their famous Swedish striker Ove Kindvall, had nearly signed Müller. But then Bayern suddenly realised that they might be playing next season in Munich's new Olympic stadium, with room for 80,000 fans . . . without Müller!

President Neudecker dug deep into the club's treasure chest and came up with a fresh solution. On the night the German national side returned from Budapest, Müller had signed a new con-

Spotlight on GERD MÜLLER by ARTHUR ROTMIL

tract which will keep him with Bayern, at least till 1975. No details were released, but a picture of a smiling Gerd Müller brought jubilation to his fans all over the country, not least to the national team manager Helmut Schön.

Gerd Müller was born on November 3, 1945, and began playing soccer as a six-year-old. By the time he was 11 he already performed at centre-forward in the junior team of his local club, the TSV Nördlingen. He, incidentally, gained one youth cap for his country.

Together with his brother, Müller used to travel to every home match of the famous 1.FC Nürnberg, who had somehow missed signing him, though he was practically living on their doorstep. He has received grammar school education and is also a trained weaver! Müller's great idol was the brilliant inside-forward Max Morlock (FC Nürnberg), who was the star of Germany's World Cup winning team of 1954.

Signature

Gerd's rapid progress as a goal-scoring wonder boy soon caught the attention of the big Munich clubs, 1860 and Bayern, who fought out a close race for his signature. After joining Bayern, he eventually made his first team debut in the eleventh game of the 1963-64 season when the club were still in the Regional-Liga South. And it wasn't the coach Zlatko Cajkovski who called Müller up, but president Neudecker and Bayern's technical director Robert Schwan, who demanded his inclusion in the 1st XI!

Müller trains Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays from 3.30 till 5 o'clock, and Fridays from 11-12, but otherwise does not engage in any special practice. On match days he eats just a hearty breakfast, which always includes two eggs in any form. He has developed a great understanding with his team captain Franz Beckenbauer, whom he regards as the best player in Germany, but his greatest personal friend is Bayern's reserve full-back Herward Koppenhöfer.

Analogy

Curiously enough, Müller enjoys keeping goal and before each training session he appears between the posts, inviting his team-mates to try and beat him. Here is a strange analogy with the great Pelé who also likes being goalkeeper. But Müller has already realised his ambition, if only for ten minutes. On October 20, 1965, at Hamburg, before a crowd of 72,000, he replaced the injured Sepp Maier in the 80th minute! And Bayern won the match 4-0!

Of the other German stars Müller regards Netzer as the finest schemer, whilst Vogts he finds the most difficult opponent. In fact he has stated that apart from Bayern, he would love playing for Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach, especially next to Jupp Heynckes, his favourite partner in the national side.

As his greatest achievement he regards becoming leading scorer in the Mexico World Cup. As his best game there, the 3-1 win over Peru in which he scored all three goals.

Penalties

But the most disappointing he rates the encounter with Italy, which the Germans lost 3-4 after extra time. As the most important goal of his career Müller rates his winner against England at Leon (3-2). He prefers meeting England in the European Championship than Italy, but from choice would have liked to play Hungary.

Müller proved earlier in the season that he is only human when he missed three penalties in succession! Now Bayern's spot-kicks are taken by Franz Roth, whilst Höttges hits them for the national team. And still on the human angle: Gerd's main hobby, apart from a leisurely game of table tennis, is playing about with his daughter, Niki, whom he idolises. It was in fact because of Niki that he has shaved off his beard—Niki said that it tickled(!) and she would end up with sore cheeks. He drives a Mercedes 350 SL and claims to have once reached the speed of 230 km. an hour (140 miles)! Herr Präsident Neudecker must be having heart failure!

Champions

Müller is convinced that Bayern Munich will be champions, just as he is certain that Germany will beat England over the two legs.

This then is the man on whom the Germans pin their hopes of overcoming the English for the third time running! His goal-scoring exploits clearly make him the No. 1 danger to England's chances of reaching the lucrative European Championship semi-finals, which only in that event would be staged—together with the final—at Wembley. If they manage to subdue Müller, then Sir Alf Ramsey's men will be more than half-way towards achieving that goal.

Yugoslavia sense victory at last!

by ROGER MACDONALD

SOME twelve years ago in Paris I watched the Soviet Union win the first European Championship — then known as the European Nations' Cup—by beating Yugoslavia 2-1 in the final, thanks largely to a magnificent performance by the greatest goalkeeper of all time, Lev Yashin. Now, at long last, Yugoslavia sense that they have a real chance to gain revenge and enter the European Championship finals at the same time.

In a sense, Yugoslavia should be the defending European Champions, for it was a travesty of justice when Italy first held them to a draw in the 1968 final then beat them 2-0 in a replay. For only a moment of indecision in the Yugoslav defensive wall allowed the Italians to achieve that 1-1 draw, after Yugoslavia had scored first and almost overrun their opponents.

The Yugoslav side to meet the Russians will be chosen by Stefan Boskov, but all the decisions on tactics will be taken by their technical director, Ciric Milovan. Aged 54 according to him, 58 according to some reliable record books, Milovan can often be seen among the crowd at some foreign field, bald head bobbing up and down, and beady eyes gleaming as he spots some hitherto unseen weakness in a foreign opponent.

Superior

The Russians were so reluctant to allow Milovan to watch their side that they refused him a visa, so the story goes, and Milovan was able to see them only once in recent weeks, when they played Bulgaria in Sofia. But it will probably be enough for him to find the Soviet's Achilles heel.

Boskov — whose bluntness once so angered President Tito that he reminded him at a party that "it's football we are about to play with the Soviet, don't turn it into a war"—is openly contemptuous about his opponents. "I've tried hard to see some sign of flair and imagination in their team," said Boskov, "but I can't. If superior skill wins matches, we might as well pack our bags for England already."

Milovan gently pointed out that the finals were by no means certain to be played in England anyway, and his realism left him much more cautious. "I think I'm correct in saying we have beaten Russia just once," he said. "And with that kind of record we would be foolish to underestimate them. The only comfort we can take from the fact that Russia generally beat us is that we have nothing to lose. My main anxiety, though, is lack of preparation. The Russians will have had their players together for months; we will be lucky if we get six days."

Such is Yugoslavia's swing towards the commercial practice of the West, however much it is disguised by noble Communist sentiment, that the clubs, who of course pay the wages of the leading international players, also call the tune. A training camp arranged last month for the Yugoslav national side was scrapped at the last moment when six of the top players cried off with mysterious injuries—diagnosed, needless to say, by club doctors. Boskov tried to get the national side's medical adviser to get a second opinion, but he declined to do so, claiming that he was ill himself. . . .

Russian manager Alexander Ponomarev

The 16 players in the Yugoslav party will almost certainly have all played in league matches on the Sunday prior to the first leg against Russia, assembling on the Monday in Belgrade just six days before the game. Compare this with the methodical Soviet programme of preparation which began, ironically enough, in Yugoslavia—back in February, when a Russian selection took on Hajduk Split. After that came games in the Low Countries; a month in seclusion in a training camp in Tashkent where the temperature is comparatively mild; and two full internationals, against Bulgaria in Sofia and Peru in Kiev.

Russia's team is chosen and organised by 53-year-old Alexander Ponomarev, assisted by Nicholas Goulaev, who took over last January from Valentin Nikolaev and Vladimir Paramonov. They, in their turn, had been appointed in place of Gavril Katchalin, the Soviet team manager during the 1970 World Cup.

Coaching

Ponomarev has had a steady rise to the top since he retired from football in the late '50s, with, incidentally, a record 153 league goals to his credit. His first full-time coaching job was with the Russian Youth and Olympic teams, a joint post he held for several years with conspicuous success. Then in 1961 he became manager of Moscow Dynamo, taking them to the First Division Championship in his third season. He spent the next few years in Helsinki, rather reluctantly at first it seems, as the decision for him to go had been politically motivated. But his stay was extended from two years to four, and there was talk of Ponomarev even going on to Sweden — this time without his FA's approval, as coach of AIK Stockholm—before he eventually returned to Russia.

Ponomarev was sent to take over Ararat Erivan, possibly as a punishment, for he had been widely expected to get his old job back in Moscow. If the appointment was intended to be a setback to his career, the plan misfired, for Ararat exceeded all expectations by finishing second in the Russian League in 1971. Ponomarev was brought back to Moscow and given the Olympic team to run, a post he still holds.

Ponomarev knows the statistics of Russia's international matches against Yugoslavia off by heart. "We've met them, let me see, ten time," he thought out loud. "We've won six, three have been drawn, they've won once—a fluke of course. Goals . . . let me see . . . 21 goals scored by the Soviet, 12 against. I see no reason why we cannot improve

Soviet players pictured in Belgrade during a recent visit.

on this excellent record, although I am not so foolish as to imagine the games will be easy. Yugoslavia have an excellent team, and we shall have to be at our best to overcome them."

But then the Soviet Union may well be at *their* best, a strikingly different side from the one that struggled to eliminate Spain and Northern Ireland. Indeed, had the Irish showed a little more sharpness in front of goal in Belfast, and Spain not had such atrocious luck in Seville, hitting the post four times in a goalless draw, Russia might not be playing in the quarter-finals at all.

Tactical

It is not so much their team that is different, rather their outlook. Under Nikolaev, Russia were an essentially physical side, with a solid, unimaginative defence, given rigid tactical instructions to follow on the field. Players with initiative and a sense of adventure were placed in a straitjacket, some, Bishovets among them, dropped altogether when they showed any flair of their own. Ponomarev has changed all that. Bishovets and Evrishkin, the Moscow Dynamo centre-forward, two superb ball players, are now openly encouraged to provide the unorthodox, to break the old rules and go through on their own. The defence is still reliable but the tactics vary from match to match, sometimes from half to half. The robot-like quality that Boskov was so scornful of no longer exists, as Yugoslavia could find to their cost.

But for all that, the Slavs have an impressive record in the present competition, winning a group that included Holland and East Germany without one defeat. Their best performance was in Leipzig, where Yugoslavia won 2-1, their worst in Bucharest, also against the East

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

Germans, where the game ended in a goalless draw — precisely what Yugoslavia needed to qualify.

If there is a question mark against the Yugoslav side, it must relate to their defence, young, inexperienced and rather experimental. But Holcer, the free-back from Hajduk, marshals it well. Acimovic of Red Star is one of the best midfield players I have seen, rather similar in style to his opposite number, Kolotiv, but much more consistent. Then there is Petkovic in attack with, hopefully, the superb Dragan Djajic as the one weapon Russia cannot seriously expect to match.

Alas for Djajic, his psychomatic illness—as it was described to me by one physician in Belgrade—could mean that Yugoslavia will have to take the field without him. For Djajic plays only intermittently, and without enthusiasm, convinced apparently that something is wrong with him despite medical reports to the contrary. If he should be fully fit, and there have been signs of an improvement, then Yugoslavia will undoubtedly win the first leg in Belgrade convincingly, and go on to win the tie. If not, then the Russian machine, cleverly oiled by Ponomarev, will roll on beyond the last eight.

YUGOSLAVIA

VUKCEVIC (Hajduk Split): goalkeeper; aged 30; 9 caps.
MARIC (Velez): goalkeeper; aged 24; no caps.
HOLCER (Hajduk Split): sweeper-up; aged 27; 43 caps.
PAVLOVIC (Red Star): right-back; aged 29; 25 caps.
PAUNOVIC (Partizan Belgrade): centre-half; aged 25; 26 caps.
RAMLJAK (Dynamo Zagreb): right-back; aged 27; 11 caps.
ACIMOVAC (Red Star): midfield; aged 24, 19 caps.
ANTONIJEVIC (Red Star): midfield or defence; aged 27; 7 caps.
JERKOVIC (Hajduk Split): midfield for attack; aged 21; 12 caps.
OBLAK (Ljubljana): midfield; aged 25; 9 caps.
BJEKOVIC (Partizan Belgrade): centre-forward; aged 25; 11 caps.
BUKAL (Zelejnicar): striker; aged 27; 20 caps.
DJAJIC (Red Star): outside-left; aged 26; 53 caps.
FILIPOVIC (Red Star): inside-forward; aged 19; 6 caps.
PETKOVIC (OFK Belgrade): outside-right; aged 27; 23 caps.

RUSSIA

BANNIKOV (Torpedo Moscow): goalkeeper; aged 34; 13 caps.
RUDAKOV (Dynamo Kiev): goalkeeper; aged 27; 19 caps.
DZOZACHVILI (Dynamo Tbilissi): left-back; aged 27; 23 caps.
KURTSILAVA (Dynamo Tibilissi): centre-half; aged 29; 48 caps.
MATVIENKO (Dynamo Kiev): sweeper-up; aged 25; 2 caps.
ZYKOV (Dynamo Moscow): centre-half; aged 28; 5 caps.
FEDOTOV (Red Army): midfield; aged 29; 12 caps.
KISILEV (Spartak Moscow): wing-half; aged 26; 15 caps.
KOLOTOV (Dynamo Kiev): midfield; aged 23; 13 caps.
LOVCHEV (Spartak Moscow): midfield; aged 24; 18 caps.
MOUTIAN (Dynamo Kiev): midfield or forward; aged 26; 26 caps.
BISHOVETS (Dynamo Kiev): centre-forward; aged 26; 39 caps.
EVRISHKIN (Dynamo Moscow): striker; aged 28; 26 caps.
ICHTOIAN (Ararat Erivan): outside-right; aged 25; 4 caps.
KHELMITSKI (Dynamo Kiev): outside-left; aged 29; 21 caps.
TCHEVCHENKO (Dynamo Kiev): winger; aged 21; 13 caps.

NO OVERATH BUT NETZER IS SUPERB

ON April 29, at Wembley, England know that should they fail to win, West Germany must be strongly favoured to eliminate them from the European Championship. On present form, West Germany—who long ago broke the spell which England seemed to hold over them for some 67 unbeaten years—must be capable of at least a draw. It was cruel luck that Sir Alf Ramsey's team should be pitted against them, for they must have been favoured to beat any other team left in the tournament. Should they go out, the greatest irony of all would lie in the fact that the semi-finals and final are due to be played in England; an immense advantage to the English team and one which they would surely exploit.

How strong are West Germany? A great deal less strong, certainly, without Wolfgang Overath, whose recent operation will undoubtedly keep him out of this match, and may well prevent his playing in the return in Berlin on May 13. Wolfgang Overath was the essential "quarterback" of the German World Cup team of 1970, slinging his splendid long passes up the field, and sometimes using that fine left foot, as in the third place game against Uruguay, to strike directly for goal.

But if there will be no Overath, there will be the Viking figure of Gunter Netzer, the Borussia Munchengladbach inside-left, whose form this season has often been so outstandingly good, even spectacular. Netzer is not one of the world's workers, but his superb technique, his speed, his admirable kicking at dead-ball situations, his vision of the play, combine to make him formidable. Had he been fit to play in Mexico, the West Germans might have got to the Final. His influence on the national team has steadily increased over the past year, and it may well be argued that without Overath things will go better, that there will not be an embarrassment of riches, a clash, if one may so call it, of conductors on the podium, such as there has been at Inter with Corso and Sandro Mazzola.

There remains, however, the tensions between Netzer and Beckenbauer, never better symptomatised than in the free kick which Beckenbauer took, and Netzer should have taken, once in Oslo, during an international match against Norway. Netzer, famous for scoring from such positions, took the ball, cleaned it, lovingly placed it, stepped back for his run; whereupon up ran Beckenbauer, and scored. The gesture was deliberate, significant; and not easily forgiven. Nor has it been.

Emlyn Hughes . . . will the injury to Terry Cooper mean an England recall for Hughes.

Reputations

On the other hand, there is no overlapping of spheres between Netzer and Beckenbauer, as there has been with Overath, merely a clash of personalities, of resounding reputations. Beckenbauer, now, plays whimsically as a sweeper, a sweeper of charm, as the French call him, rather like a racehorse which has voluntarily harnessed itself to the plough. This can be a somewhat dangerous self-indulgence, for Beckenbauer, inevitably, makes frequent excursions up the field, deploying his admirable technique, his famous right foot, and his celebrated acceleration.

This lends variety and novelty to the team, just as it does to his club, Bayern Munich, but is scarcely gives solidity to the defence. Beckenbauer as sweeper is something of an anomaly; no World Cup Willi Schulz, as in 1966, no Karl-Heinz Schnellinger, as in 1970. Indeed, Schnelli — who tells me he means to retire after another season—has been playing so well for Milan that I am surprised Helmult Schoen should have discarded him; apparently on the grounds of age alone.

A still more important absentee will, I think, be Uwe Seeler. One can scarcely exaggerate the importance of this extraordinary and indestructible player to the team. Were it not for his firm decision to retire from international football, shortly after the last World Cup, he would surely be playing at Wembley yet another time. His combativeness, his shrewdness in midfield—a new Seeler revealed to us in Mexico—

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

England v. West Germany.... by BRIAN GLANVILLE

The West German squad certainly seemed a happy bunch during training but will they still be smiling on the night of April 29.

the astonishing height of his jump, which caused so much danger to England and brought a goal in Leon, above all his immense influence on the team as a whole; all these have surely been irreplaceable.

Dangerous

On their most recent outing, the Germans won comfortably enough, 2-0 in Budapest against Hungary, but the match told us little, one way or the other. Gerd Muller did not score, nor did he seem in the dangerous form he showed when becoming World Cup leading scorer in Mexico. He was one of no fewer than five Bayern Munich players in the side, including the amateur winger, Hoeness, to whose near-post balls he seemed curiously indifferent. Unquestionably he has been a heavy scorer in the *Bundesliga*, where Bayern's chief interest seems to lie; and Sir Alf Ramsey was impressed with him that day.

But I believe that Roy McFarland is well equipped to deal with him on the ground, where he is strongest. Nor will the Germans have any advantage this time, in goal, where the match was lost and won in Leon; provided Gordon Banks is, as one must hope and trust, fit to play. He has been having a glorious season with Stoke, and Wembley by now is virtually his back garden.

I wish I could be as happy about such other tried and true England players as Martin Peters and Geoff Hurst, but Peters has had a pallid season and Geoff Hurst, the hero of Leon, has never since had the chance of the rest he so desperately needs. It is arguable, too, that he and the massive, sometimes irresistible, Chivers duplicate rather than complement one another.

Yet if not Hurst, as striking inside-forward, foil to Chivers, then who? Clarke hasn't the character, Channon the experience, while Rodney Marsh, after his strange translation to Manchester City, can hardly be considered now.

WEST GERMANY

JOSEPH MAIER, Bayern Munich, born 28.2.1944, 35 caps, goalkeeper.
WOLFGANG KLEFF, Borussia Monchen-Gladbach, 16.11.1946, 1 cap, goalkeeper.
PAUL BREITNER, Bayern Munich, 5.9.1951, 2 caps, full-back or midfield.
FRANZ BECKENBAUER, Bayern Munich, 11.9.1945, 56 caps, libero.
WOLFGANG WEBER, Cologne, 26.6.1944, 48 caps, defender.
HORST HOTTGES, Werder Bremen, 10.9.1943, 48 caps, defender.
WILLI NEUBERGER, Werder Bremen, 15.4.1946, 2 caps, midfield.
KLAUS FICHTEL, Schalke 04, 19.11.1944, 23 caps, midfield.
GUNTER NETZER, Borussia Monchen-Gladbach, 14.9.1944, 24 caps, midfield.
GEORG SCHWARZENBECK, Bayern Munich, 3.4.1948, 7 caps, utility.
SIEGFRIED HEL, Kickers Offenbach, 7.8.1942, 35 caps, forward and midfield.
HEINZ FLOHE, Cologne, 28.1.1948, 3 caps, utility.
HERBERT WIMMER, Borussia Monchen-Gladbach, 9.11.1944, 11 caps, forward.
ERWIN KREMERS, Schalke 04, 24.3.1949, no caps, outside-left.
ULLI HOENESS, Bayern Munich, 5.1.1952, no caps, midfield and forward.
GERHARD MULLER, Bayern Munich, 3.11.1945, 35 caps, forward.
JOSEF HEYNCKES, Borussia Monchen-Gladbach, 9.5.1945, 13 caps, forward.
HORST KOPPEL, VfB Stuttgart, 17.5.1948, 9 caps, forward.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

JACK ROLLIN traces

Recor

THE modern idiom to contract everything from skirts to words has inevitably meant that the European Championship has no chance of ever being called by its correct title. It's the Nations Cup and that's that.

For the record, of course, it began life as the European Nations Cup and the first competition was organised in 1958, to run over two years rather as the World Cup though on different and less comprehensive lines.

It did, however, start in the same inauspicious manner as the World Cup with little over half of the UEFA countries entering it. Absentees included the home countries, Belgium, Holland, Italy and West Germany and there were only 17 nations who went in.

The method of determining the competition was based on the knock-out principle on a home-and-away aggregate and though the quarter-final stage was reached rather quickly because of the minimal number of entries, an air of farce was attached to the proceedings in the pairing of Russia and Spain. In a hark back to the Spanish Civil War days, the Spaniards refused to play in the USSR, giving the latter a walk-over.

Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and France were the other successful countries from this stage and the semi-finals were held in France in July 1960. The Russians had an easy, three clear goal victory over the Czechs in Marseille while the French lost a high-scoring game against Yugoslavia in Paris by the odd goal in nine.

The final was also held in the French capital with an accompanying attendance of 17,966—a pitiful figure even though the weather was not conducive to larger numbers. And for the memory of Henri Delaunay the crowd did scant justice to his efforts at promoting the idea of the Nations Cup when he had been secretary of the French Football Federation. He had not lived to see it start.

At the match itself the Russians and Yugoslavs had to go to extra time before they settled the issue with the Russians gaining the verdict 2-1 through goals by Metreveli and Ponedelnik to an own goal by Netto.

The second competition was similarly run on a knock-out basis and had all but four of the eligible countries in, one of which was Scotland, however. England had a quick exit from the competition after drawing 1-1 with France in Sheffield; they were well beaten 5-2 in Paris in a match which heralded Alf Ramsey's arrival as team manager.

The quarter-finalists again included Spain and Russia but they were not paired this time. France, Sweden and Hungary joined the lesser brethren of Denmark, Luxembourg and Eire at this point.

Spain beat Eire, Hungary defeated France, Russia overcame Sweden, and eventually Denmark did the same to Luxembourg after a play-off.

The final stages were held in Spain and the semi-final pairing again kept Spain and Russia apart hopefully, but the former beat Hungary 2-1 in Madrid and the latter the Danes 3-0 in Barcelona.

Thus the final matched Russia and Spain and having got this far there was little chance of a repetition of the previous disenchantment between the two.

Before the final Hungary defeated Denmark by three clear goals in Barcelona in the game for third place. With home advantage it was expected that the Spaniards would be favourites against the USSR and when Pereda scored after five minutes this appeared sufficient endorsement. But the lead lasted just two minutes before Khusainov equalised. Thus the deadlock remained until six minutes from the end as extra time seemed inevitable, when Marcelino, the Real Zaragoza centre-forward and a member of the famous Los Magnificos

HUNGARY HAVE THE ABILITY TO WIN

DEFEATISM, lack of confidence, and a seemingly incurable inferiority complex might cause Hungary's downfall in the vital European Championship quarter-final tie against Rumania. Since the unfortunate close-season tours of the national squad and Ujpesti Dozsa, the Magyars have adopted a morbid fatalistic attitude, like a man bent on self-destruction.

To put it mildly, I was surprised at their initial pessimistic reaction to the draw, and was astonished when a leading football writer explained the reasoning behind this totally unacceptable standpoint. "If we should lose against Rumania, the whole country would turn against us. It would have been better to pick England or West Germany—then a defeat would be forgiven."

One must understand the Central European mentality to appreciate the philosophy behind such a twisted piece of argument. Team manager Rudolph Illovszky didn't improve matters when he openly declared that Hungary must win by at least three goals otherwise they have no chance of survival. Why? Will the pitch in Bucharest be littered with landmines, the referee crooked, the ball square, the crowd incensed with hate? In any case, one shouldn't send a team out with such a message.

I prefer the usual platitudes, which state that it would be pleasant to take a comfortable lead to the away game, but whatever the outcome, the tie won't be decided until the very last minute. On the face of it, Hungary have a very good draw. They have played 10 full internationals against the Rumanians, won nine and drawn one, with the emphatic goal average of 38-8!

Their contribution to football is vastly superior to that of the opposition, even their recent record is much more impressive. Yet Illovszky is a worried man, while his counterpart, Nicolescu, hasn't stopped laughing since the day the names were picked out of the hat.

Observe their respective warm-up matches. Hungary played host to West Germany, and the press said that a narrow defeat would be a "good result", a draw a pleasant surprise. Even when it was known that Vogts, Grabowski, Overath and Weber would be absent, the trembling fingers pointed at Muller and Beckenbauer.

Admittedly, the Magyars had problems themselves. Istvan Geczi had sustained an unfortunate injury in training which might keep him out of football until the end of May, Istvan Juhasz was ill, Nosko, Bene and Zambo were off form. Illovsky drafted Albert into the squad, but finally decided not to use him. Unfortunately, Florl is a controversial figure. In many eyes he personifies the "bad old days" when the players

the history of the competition from 1958 to the present day

d entry this time

Cincos, settled it. This was Russia's first defeat in the competition.

For the 1966-68 competition for which there were 31 entries—only Malta and Iceland not competing the format was altered. The entrants were split into eight groups on a home-and-away basis within each section, the group winners progressing to the quarter-finals. This gave the competition greater depth with the distribution of the matches parallel with the World Cup. It was for this competition and because it was now not solely based on the cup knock-out principle that it was given the title The European Football Championship. If there had been no European Cup for clubs it might well have been called this, of course.

All four of the home countries entered—another first—and the Home International Championship was actually used to determine the winners, over two seasons. England, after a fright at Wembley the previous year against Scotland, finally emerged, along with Italy, Russia, Yugoslavia, France, Spain, Hungary and Bulgaria.

Italy was chosen as the venue for the semi-finals after the hosts managed to reach the last four by beating Bulgaria. The Russians beat Hungary, England eliminated the holders, Spain, and Yugoslavia beat France.

In Naples the Italians and Russians remained scoreless and only a toss-up gave the hosts a further chance of progress in this unsatisfactory method of determining any competition based on skill. A late goal in Florence by Dragan Dzajic ended England's hopes, though they secured third place by beating Russia 2-0.

Again, the host nation was favoured in the final in Rome, with the Italians managing to hold a better Yugoslav side 1-1—Dzajic opening the scoring and Domenghini equalising.

Two days later Italy with five fresh players beat a tired Yugoslav side 2-0 with goals by Luigi Riva, soon to be the highest paid player in the country, and Pietro Anastasi, the highest priced transfer man.

The current European Championship attracted the biggest entry—only Iceland not competing. This gave the groups of four a nice round look and if one day the men from the extreme north decide to come in it will mean a qualifying match to bring the numbers level again.

The quarter-finalists fell neatly both sides of Europe and were paired with similar clinical accuracy to eliminate half of each. The setting for the final stages will be determined after the dust settles from the England v West Germany and Belgium v Italy battles. If England win their tie then the semi-finals etc., will be here with the provinces getting the semi-finals and Wembley the final plus that match for third place. Should the Germans emerge then the finals will be held in the country of the winners of the Belgium—Italy tie even though the Italians staged the last competition!

This is a great weakness of the competition which inevitably revolves around half-a-dozen Western European countries for its host nation. It might have been fairer to play the semi-finals on a home-and-away basis.

---

had too much power and they didn't work hard enough to earn their keep.

This is, of course, absolute nonsense, partly because the players STILL have too much power, partly because Albert has always done his very best for Hungary. But if he were selected again, and the team lost (no matter how well or badly he himself played), heads would roll.

So the experimental line-up included Rothermel in place of Geczi in goal, all-round back-four player Pancsics in a No. 2 jersey, Balint alongside Kovacs in the heart of the defence, and the frail Ferencvaros ball player Laszlo Branikovits at centre-forward. The teams: Hungary: Rothermel; Pancsics, Kovacs, Balint, P. Juhasz; Vidats, Szucs; Fazekas, Branikovits, A. Dunai, Zambo. West Germany: Maier; Hottges, Schwarzenbeck, Beckenbauer, Breitner; Netzer, Wimmer, Flohe Hoeness, Muller, Heynckes (Held).

In front of 55,000 people, which included five national team managers spying on future opponents, Hungary opened promisingly and dominated the play in the first half. Antal Dunai missed several scoring chances, and in the 68th minute, following a clever move on the left, Breitner took a reverse pass in his stride and put the visitors ahead.

The Hungarians, brainwashed into anticipating defeat, threw in the towel, and a second German goal (by

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

Hoeness) came as a matter of course; 0-2, and another nail in the sagging coffin of the once great footballing nation. Rumania, wisely, chose easier opponents to flex their muscles. Even without Dobrin, Mocanu and Dumitrache, they were far too good for France, and won 2-0 with goals by Iordanescu and Dinu.

But, as the saying goes, one must not draw too many conclusions from dress rehearsals. The moment of truth will arrive on April 29 in the Nepstadion, Budapest.

Illovszky should be fairly happy with his defensive strength. The Videoton player Jozsef Kovacs improves with every outing, and has now established himself in the national eleven. Balint has made a satisfactory debut, but I would like to see a more constructive player in the dual centre-back role.

The Rumanians will probably play a conservative 4-4-2—there is no need to counter them with four out-and-out defenders. Instead of Balint, his club-mate, I. Juhasz, should be picked to join Vidats and Szucs in 3-3-4 system. Branikovits is clever but hasn't got the goal power of Bene, who is scoring freely again in the league.

The Bene-Dunai spearhead, flanked by Szoke on the right and Fazekas on the left, would give the forward line the sufficient width to stretch the massed Rumanian rearguard. However, the team manager might prefer Zambo, who has a wider range than Szoke, but is less direct.

The Rumanian team practically picks itself and the only question mark is against the occupant of the No. 10 berth. Raducanu; Satmareanu, Lupescu, Dinu, Deleanu; Dumitru, Nunweiller; Lucescu, Dembrowski, Dobrin or Domide, Iordanescu. Raducanu is an excellent goalkeeper—when he decides to take a match seriously. Satmareanu is a tough old campaigner who doesn't care whether he kicks the ball or the man. Dinu has class, and Lucescu and Dobrin are the pick of the forwards. Rumania have never gone further than the last eight in any important competition.

Now they have a golden opportunity to better that mediocre record. But I still back the Hungarians. If they manage to overcome their death-wish, their superiority in ball technique and tactical maturity should win the day.

My personal message to "Uncle Rudi" is—"remember Rio and Paris.

LESLIE VERNON

by JACK ROLLIN

BELGIUM TOUGH

THE achievements of near neighbours Holland at club level in Europe have not gone unnoticed in Belgium quite naturally. Ajax and Feyenoord have become household names in many countries to an extent which Standard Liege and Anderlecht have never quite managed to achieve as yet.

On this plane, at least for the present season, the Belgians will have to write themselves off again. At international level it needs something of a minor soccer upset to give them a chance against Italy in the quarter-finals of the European Championship.

National

Yet if the Dutch can cash in, why can't the Belgians do the same? Basically it is because the standards of Ajax and Feyenoord are higher at present than anything the Belgians can put into the field. And since all these matters transfer themselves on the higher strata of the national squad, they continue to idle along without success.

The post-war giants of Belgian international football, like Vicky Mees (Antwerp), Jozef Jurion (Anderlecht), Louis Carr (FC Liege), Jef Mermans (Anderlecht), Pol Anoul (FC Liege), Rik Coppens (Beerschot), etc., loomed less large elsewhere.

Of the contingent of leading internationals mentioned, probably Jurion is the best known outside his own country because his stint occurred when Anderlecht received some publicity in European competition without tearing up any trees in the process of course.

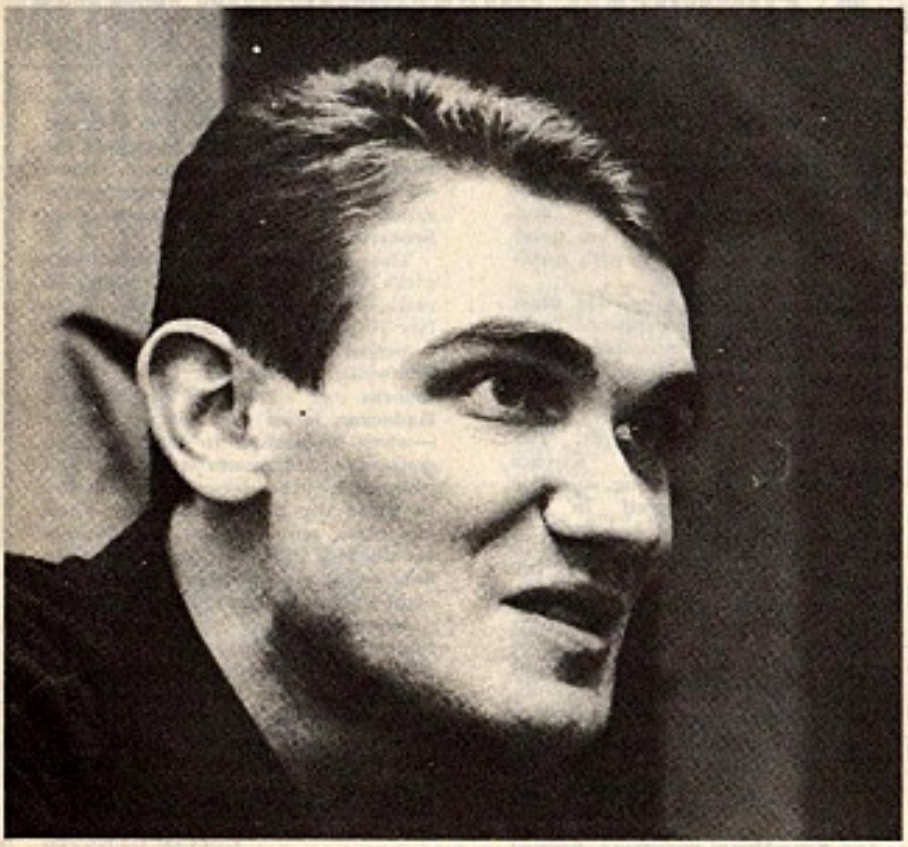
Famous

It was Jurion who once sank the famous Real Madrid; sufficient commemoration to put him in any Hall of Fame. In earlier times the most famous names to emerge from Belgium were the Braines of Beerschot; Pierre who won 46 caps between 1922 and 1930 and Raymond who achieved 54 between 1925 and 1939.

Then there was Bernard Voorhoof of Lierse whose sojourn in the national side ran to 61 caps from 1928 to 1940. But they are just names in the record books, meaning little or nothing outside their own country.

During this period the national side achieved nothing of note. Modest victories against less influential or interesting opponents like Luxembourg were a rarity though it did throw up the odd result like a 3-2 win over England in Brussels in 1936!

In the last decade the most illustrious personage in Belgian football has been Paul Van Himst of course. Still active with Anderlecht and a must for any Belgian national side worth its salt, he remains the golden boy of the game there despite the fact that he is now nearing 30. To be fair, he was only 28 last October. . . .



Wilfried Van Moer

Teenagers

From the day as a 16-year-old he made his bow for Anderlecht, his career has been one which has succeeded in getting him known around Europe and further afield. This is quite something, especially if you bear in mind that most people in Brazil have never heard of George Best the footballer, simply because Northern Ireland do nothing in international football these days.

Van Himst was a debutant for his country at 17, playing against Sweden in a World Cup match, too. He is supposed to have passed the eve of the match quietly writing letters home when most other teenagers in his position would have either bitten their nails down to their elbows or tried to sneak out of the hotel to get plastered.

Performance

In the last couple of years he has had one great rival, the Standard Liege midfield player Wilfried Van Moer. A more thoughtful player if one not given to the level of performance maintained by Vam Himst, Van Moer has his legion of followers in the country but is considerably less well-known outside the borders.

Importations of foreign players have

FACE HURDLE

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPECIAL

helped to give the domestic game an uplift in standards, just as it has done in nearby Holland, though crowds are smaller, but until a Belgian club wins a major European tournament or Belgium manages to reach the final of either the World Cup or European Championship, nobody will take them seriously as a leading footballing nation.

Threaten

They have at least tried to threaten to do something in recent years. Anderlecht reached the final of the Fairs Cup where they lost to Arsenal, and Belgium were among the 16 finalists of the last World Cup in Mexico. Now they are hoping to knock Italy out, without really much conviction about their ambitions.

They can match the Dutch "foreigner" by "foreigner" in the domestic championship and often produce equally successful results at national level — well they did reach the quarter-finals of the European Championship, which is more than can be said for Holland—but as long as Holland have Johan Cruyff, the Van Hinsts and the Van Moers are trailing a fair way behind him in flair and finish.

Just how much devil is there in the Diables Rouges? It takes more than a red shirt to produce it. Perhaps the testing time of the forthcoming quarter-finals will produce the men for the hour.

If West Germany put England out of the competition at this stage it will be an opportunity too good to miss for the Belgians. For if they succeed against Italy, the semi-finals and onwards of the European Championship will be held in their own country. With the shop window of Europe put on the doorstep, the Belgians would once and for all have the chance to redress the balance.

There is every incentive for them to do just this, and while the siting of the championship also rests with what the Germans can do to England, there is sufficient challenge in their own part of the deal to make the Belgians strive towards this very goal.

A sad sight for England—and Leeds United—as full-back Terry Cooper is carried off after sustaining a broken leg during the match against Stoke City. Cooper's injury came at a crucial time in Leeds' bid to win the double and he was a certain starter for England against West Germany in the European Championship.

TWO CLUB RULE IN PORTUGAL

Post-war survey by ERIC BATTY

NOWHERE in Europe have two clubs so dominated the League Championship since its inception, as is the case with Portugal where the Lisbon clubs Sporting and Benfica have virtually had everything their own way. Indeed, as the total of overall successes indicate apart from these two clubs only FC Porto and the third Lisbon club Belenenses have ever won the League Championship.

As in neighbouring Spain, the game was organised on regional leagues in the early days and the first official "championship" of Portugal was in fact the cup knockout competition which began in 1921-22 season. It was at this time that the "unknowns"—Olhanense (1924), SC Maritimo (1926) and Carcavelinhos (1928)—earned their places amongst the cup winners, but once the game settled down it was perhaps inevitable that the big clubs in the big cities should dominate.

Successive championship

By the early 1930's the big three—Benfica, Sporting and FC Porto had established themselves and they've had things pretty much their own way ever since. FC Porto were the first League Champions in 1934-35 but Benfica then caught the game by its tail and took three successive championships between 1936 and 1938, and little by little FC Porto began to take a back seat to the Lisbon clubs.

Sporting Lisbon's greatest success was to win the League Championship four times in a row between 1950-1 and 1953-4—a feat never yet equalled by Benfica—but in the FA Cup Benfica won the trophy four times in succession between 1949 and in 1953 and with the cup competition not being staged in 1950 they held the trophy continuously for five years.

Ruled the roost

To the chagrin of Sporting Lisbon and their supporters, Benfica have ruled the roost since the European Cup was begun in 1955-56 season. Qualifying for the big international tournament 11 times, Benfica have won the trophy twice and been finalists three times, while all Sporting have achieved of real note in the international arena was to take the European Cup Winners' Cup once.

Indeed, in the last few years there can be no argument that Benfica are the leading contenders for all the honours in the Portuguese domestic game. At the time of writing they hold a comfortable lead in the championship race; are semi-finalists in the European Cup and naturally, also the popular favourites to win the Portuguese FA Cup once more.

		P	W	D	L	Goals F.A.	Goals P
1945–46	Belenenses	22	18	2	2	74.24	38
1946–47	Sporting Lisbon	26	23	1	2	123.40	47
1947–48	Sporting Lisbon	26	20	1	5	92.40	41
1948–49	Sporting Lisbon	26	20	2	4	100.35	42
1949–50	Benfica	26	21	3	2	86.33	45
1950–51	Sporting Lisbon	26	21	3	2	91.28	45
1951–52	Sporting Lisbon	26	19	3	4	91.32	41
1952–53	Sporting Lisbon	26	19	5	2	77.22	43
1953–54	Sporting Lisbon	26	20	3	3	80.25	43
1954–55	Benfica	26	18	3	5	61.20	39
1955–56	F.C. Porto	26	18	7	1	77.20	43
1956–57	Benfica	26	17	7	2	76.25	41
1957–58	Sporting Lisbon	26	19	5	2	79.21	43
1958–59	F.C. Porto	26	17	7	2	81.22	41
1959–60	Benfica	26	20	5	1	75.27	45
1960–61	Benfica	26	22	2	2	92.21	45
1961–62	Sporting Lisbon	26	19	5	2	66.17	43
1962–63	Benfica	26	23	2	1	81.25	48
1963–64	Benfica	26	21	4	1	103.26	46
1964–65	Benfica	26	19	5	2	88.21	43
1965–66	Sporting Lisbon	26	18	6	2	70.21	42
1966–67	Benfica	26	20	3	3	64.18	43
1967–68	Benfica	26	18	5	3	75.19	41
1968–69	Benfica	26	16	7	3	49.17	39
1969–70	Sporting Lisbon	26	21	4	1	61.17	45
1970–71	Benfica	26	18	5	3	62.17	41

F.A. CUP FINALS

Sporting Lisbon	4	Atletico Lisboa	2
Not played			
Sporting Lisbon	3	Belenenses	1
Benfica	2	Atletico Lisboa	1
Not played			
Benfica	5	Academica	1
Benfica	5	Sporting Lisbon	4
Benfica	5	F.C. Porto	0
Sporting Lisbon	3	Vitoria Setubal	2
Benfica	2	Sporting Lisbon	1
F.C. Porto	2	Torriense	0
Benfica	3	Sporting Covilha	1
F.C. Porto	1	Benfica	0
Benfica	1	F.C. Porto	0
Belenenses	2	Sporting Lisbon	1
Leixoes	2	F.C. Porto	0
Benfica	3	Vitoria Setubal	1
Sporting Lisbon	1	Vitoria Guimaraes	0
Benfica	6	F.C. Porto	2
Vitoria Setubal	3	Benfica	1
Sporting Braga	1	Vitoria Setubal	0
Vitoria Setubal	3	Academica	2
F.C. Porto	2	Vitoria Setubal	1
Benfica	2	Academica	1
Benfica	3	Sporting Lisbon	1
Sporting Lisbon	4	Benfica	1

Members of the Benfica team, pictured in Paris before a friendly game against Bayern Munich. Left to right: Eusebio, Artur, Graca, Henrique, Nene, Jorge, Toni, Messias and Jordao.

But, as has been proved so often in the past, almost anything can happen—even near-miracles—when Benfica and Sporting Lisbon are involved. Last season for example, Sporting ran up a good lead in the championship race (holding the championship from the previous season 1969-70) and it was being rumoured that dissatisfied Benfica directors were beginning to agitate for the dismissal of their manager, the former English international inside-forward Jimmy Hagan.

Then, right out of the blue, Sporting hit a bad patch and Benfica began to click, and in a very close finish Benfica took the championship. A few weeks later the two Lisbon giants faced each other in the FA Cup Final and on recent form it looked like a runaway victory for Benfica. Perhaps over-confidence in the camp of Sport Lisboa e Benfica helped to swing things, but in all events it was Sporting who took the cup . . . surprising everyone with a fine and well deserved 4-1 victory!

Barring a disaster—and Benfica have only recently suffered their first league defeat of the season—Benfica are coasting to their 18th League Championship success and the figures serve to underline their dominance of recent years. If, as seems very probable they clinch their claim to the 1971/72 title it will be their fifth league success in the last six seasons; the eighth title they have taken in the last 10 campaigns, and the 10th in 13 years. Clearly there can be no doubt that Benfica are the club that makes the running . . . with Sporting never very far away; FC Porto hanging around close to the top in case either of the two Lisbon clubs should slip up and the other clubs spread out behind.

TOP GOALSCORER

Peyroteo (Sport. Lisbon)	30
Peyroteo (Sport. Lisbon)	43
Araujo (F.C. Porto)	36
Peyroteo (Sport. Lisbon)	40
Julio (Benfica)	27
Vasques (Sport. Lisbon)	29
Aguas (Benfica)	28
Matateu (Belenenses)	39
Martins (Sport. Lisbon)	31
Matateu (Belenenses)	32
Aguas (Benfica)	28
Aguas (Benfica)	30
Arsenio (C.U.F.)	23
Aguas (Benfica)	26
Edmur (Vit. Guimaraes)	25
Aguas (Benfica)	27
Azumir (F.C. Porto)	23
Torres (Benfica)	26
Eusebio (Benfica)	28
Eusebio (Benfica)	28
Eusebio (Benefica)	25
Figuaredo (Sport. Lisbon)	25
Eusebio (Benfica)	31
Eusebio (Benfica)	42
Antonio (Academica)	19
Eusebio (Benfica)	20
Jorge (Benfica)	22

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SUCCESSES

Benfica	18
Sporting Lisbon	13
F.C. Porto	5
Belenenses	1

F.A. CUP VICTORIES

Benfica	17
Sporting Lisbon	11
F.C. Porto	7
Belenenses	5
Vitoria Setubal	2
Olhanense	1
SC Maritimo	1
Carcavelinhos	1
Academica Coimbra	1
Leixoes	1
Sporting Braga	1

International arena

During the last 13 years Benfica's domination has revolved around two personalities—Bela Guttman and Jimmy Hagan. Guttman has now retired, Hungarian-born but domiciled in Vienna and the man who not only lead Benfica to dominance in the Portuguese game but also put them in the forefront of the international arena. Hagan, though quite a different type of coach to Guttman, has added a new dimension to Benfica's game, but each in his own way has proved that his qualities were just right for the club. Guttman emphasised finesse and skill, basing his team on the craft of Mario Coluna and the finishing power of Aguas—and later Eusebio. Hagan on the other hand has given the Benfica squad a physical condition and discipline that they themselves thought was beyond them, and there can be no doubt about the success of either man or the club's superiority.

Juventus lack confidence to play football

"THERE is nothing," said Nereo Rocco, team manager of A.C. Milan, "to stop any player scoring goals." Whereupon he drew me a diagram to show me what *catenaccio* should be: "It ought never to be played with two 'points', but with three."

This, in reference to the Juventus-Wolves game which I had been describing to him; a game in which Juventus had done none of the enterprising things which he had designed with his array of crosses.

The diagram showed a formation with a sweeper, five rather than only four men at the back, one in midfield, and three front runners. Told about it, a sophisticated Milanese smiled and said, "But Milan don't even play with three spearheads; they play with one and a half!"

Formation

Still, one could scarcely contradict Rocco—never the most grateful of pastimes, in any case—when he rumbled that Milan, in its European Cup winning seasons, had been a fine, footballing side.

Juventus, who could be, simply seem to lack the confidence. In Rocco's ideal *catenaccio* formation—if this be not too much of a contradiction in terms—the sweeper is always ready to move up into the back five, releasing one or more of them to advance, to join the attack.

Strategy

When Juventus were well on top in their UEFA Cup tie against Wolves, circumstances cried out for such a strategy. In the absence of the convalescent Roberto Bettega, scorer of ten goals before illness laid him low, a two-man spearhead, however, briskly supported from the back by the runs of Furino and Moretti, simply wasn't enough. Yet Salvadore, the veteran, international sweeper, stuck rigidly to his position, rather than moving up to release another man for midfield, as Israel had so successfully done in the Feyenoord-Celtic European Cup Final.

A further alternative is indicated by the way Franz Beckenbauer plays for West Germany and Bayern Munich. One of the most talented and cultivated footballers in Europe, it would be a sin and a shame to waste him merely as a sweeper—the position to which he mysteriously inspires. He is allowed, therefore, to come up at will, to initiate and to join in attacks.

Though so slavishly accepted by everybody in Italy, there is nevertheless a strong movement of dissent from *catenaccio*. "I love to see my young players doing all the things they can do naturally," said a Torino youth coach, Beppe Marchetto. "Yet at a certain stage, they stop. Why? Too many interests. Too much money involved."

BRIAN GLANVILLE ... in Italy

"You keep coming back and hitting the name nail on the head," Giampiero Boniperti, once a European star, now the very President of his old club, Juventus, reproached me. I had indeed been trying to persuade him to tell me why no one would abandon *catenaccio*; a tactic to which, as he reminded me, his own Juventus team had been the last to succumb.

The 40-year-old Torino manager, Gustavo Giagnoni, a Sardinian, insisted to me that his team did not play *catenaccio*, it attacked; yet he admitted —how could he do otherwise—that it played with a sweeper, a *libero*.

Revelation

Giagnoni, a man of great vitality — "A serious, wee fellow," as Rangers' Willy Waddell admiringly calls him — has been the revelation of Italian football this season. As a player, he was never a star; though he was one of the first Sardinians to become a League footballer, with Mantova. Arriving with Rangers at Turin Airport, Waddell remembered that he "had a score to settle" with Giagnoni. When he was manager of Kilmarnock, in the New York International summer tournament. Giagnoni it was who equalised for Mantova, causing Kilmarnock to drop a point which lost them the Championship to West Ham.

Translated

Giagnoni's success with Torino, his ability to drag them out of what he calls a state of *vittimismo*, which he regards as common to the race, and may best be translated as self-pity, has made him greatly sought after. I was assured in Milan that there was not a ha'porth of truth in the story that Inter had offered him 60 million lire—about £42,000—to become their manager next season, but his contractual arrangements with Torino seem curiously vague. He denied all cognizance of Inter's offer, yet seemed, in his Press statement, uncharacteristically evasive about his future. Pianelli, the Torino President, is said to be willing to raise his salary to some 45 million lire, and Torino is surely an easier club to manage than Inter, with its turbulent past, its demanding present.

Spectacular

One could not but feel sorry for Gianni Invernizzi, who had such a spectacular rise from youth team coach to manager last season, winning the Championship from a six-point disadvantage, and now written off by everybody as the Inter manager.

Curiously enough, he is not the only manager to move up recently from youth coach. This was also the pleasant experience of the Juventus manager, Vicpalek, a Czech who was once a professional in Italy, and managed, among other clubs, Palermo.

Sombre and sincere, Vicpalek did not hide from me his own lack of partiality for *catenaccio*. At the same time, he

Naples goalkeeper Marcello Trevisan flicks the ball away from the feet of Roma forward Gianfranco Zigoni.

criticised what he felt to be the mechanical attitudes of British players. "We apply our schemes," he claimed, not quite convincingly, "with flair, imagination and invention. Wagstaffe of Wolves did nothing but cross the ball."

"But he did it for 90 minutes!" interjected Boniperti.

Stoppages

One Italian journalist remarked to me mournfully that their teams were always at a disadvantage against sides which maintained the rhythm of the English, "because they're only used to playing 20 seconds at a time." This, on account of the unending stoppages imposed by referees.

Giagnoni, whose attitude is indeed a breath of fresh air in the miasma of Italian football, says that his players are in trouble with him if they appeal: "Above all, our preoccupation is to create strong players. It's the referee who should blow if it's a foul. If my players ask the referee for a foul, I get angry. I don't want it. It's the referee who decides."

Curiously—or, given the enviable position he himself now occupies, perhaps explicably—he will not have it that the huge salaries and bonuses have much to do with the present crisis; even though he also blames Helenio Herrera for "upping the ante," so that "whatever manager wins the Championship wants what Herrera got."

By the same token, the general manager of Juventus, the urbane *Italo Allodi*, gave a long, curiously circumlocutory interview recently in which he called for the setting up of a zoned Series B, Second Division, and the abolition of youth schemes, as an apparent panacea for football's troubles. Another suggestion which has been put forward is that games should take place on Saturday rather than Sunday, now that the old pattern of working on Saturdays has largely gone by the board, and many families prefer to spend Sunday in the country.

At least one can say that the season has been a more open and democratic Italian Championship. And if Milan-Inter, last November, was one of the most cynically depressing matches I have ever seen, Giagnoni assures me that the Torino-Juventus derby is a different breed of game.

NEXT MONTH

Reports of European Championship matches and preview of the final stages of this competition, plus the latest news in the European Cup, Cup Winners' Cup and UEFA Cup tournaments.

WORLD SOCCER, forever willing to report on soccer wherever it is played, brings news of a most extraordinary contest—the North Atlantic Cup—fought out between the teams of Shetland, Faroes and Orkney. NORMAN ADAMS is the reporter.

The contest that lasts for five years!

IN the year AD 800 the Vikings ruled the waves, expanding their kingdom southward to the Faroes, Shetland and Orkney and down the west coast of Scotland.

Today the young men of these three tiny northern islands face each other in a less-bloody conflict—the world game, soccer.

They compete in Scotland's slowest, but friendliest football contest — the North Atlantic Cup, which will go to the winners next year, **five years** after they played the first tie.

The Shetlanders are at present heading the race on goal average, but there is still a long way to go. The idea is that the islanders play each other four times —two games at home and two away— and the points and goals are added up at the end of the competition, which began in 1968 when the Faroese presented the cup. The present grouping is:

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts
Shetland	4	2	1	1	10	5	5
Faroes	5	2	2	1	8	9	5
Orkney	5	1	2	2	7	11	4

Results: 1968—Faroes 0 Orkney 2, Shetland 3 Orkney 3; 1969—Faroes 2 Shetland 1, Orkney 0 Shetland 3; 1970—Shetland 3 Faroes 0, Orkney 2 Faroes 4; 1971—Faroes 1 Orkney 1.

Shetland and Orkney should have played in Kirkwall, Orkney, in 1971, but the game had to be postponed when fog prevented the Shetland team from flying.

The remaining fixtures are: 1972—May: Shetland v Orkney at Lerwick; June: Faroes v Shetland at Thorshavn; August: Orkney v Shetland at Kirkwall. 1973—July: Orkney v Faroes at Kirkwall; Shetland v Faroes at Lerwick.

Should there be a tie at the top a decider is scheduled to be played on a neutral ground. The organisers have decided that should one team go so far ahead in the competition that they cannot be overtaken then the competition will stop.

Because of distances, time and cash the final whistle has been long drawn out, but the islanders aren't worried.

Shetland FA president, Mr. Leslie Eunson, said recently in Lerwick: "The competition creates a lot of friendship among the North isles and that is the main thing."

Expenses are high when teams visit the friendly Faroes, a cluster of green islands, north-west of the Shetlands. It cost the Shetlanders around £1,000 to charter a plane.

But the Faroese, independent from Denmark since 1948, are football-daft and a large number of the islands' 35,000 inhabitants want to see the "internationals". There are soccer clubs in Thorsavn, the island capital, and at Klaksvik, the second biggest town in the Faroes, and it is every young Faroese's ambition to wear the national colours of blue and white.

The eventual winners of the North Atlantic Cup will be allowed to keep the trophy.

'Internationals'

But it is hoped another trophy will be donated, so that the island footballers will start all over again. The blue-shirted Shetlanders have been involved in regular "internationals" with the Faroese since the late 1920's, but it is only in recent years that competition has hotted up. Lewis, in the Scottish Hebrides, has expressed an interest in future contests.

Meanwhile, the fisherman footballers of Whalsay (population 760) are all ready to make their debut in the Shetland FA Summer League. And that will mean the team and their fans will travel to all matches in a small fleet of fishing boats.

On match day the skippers and deckhands who make up the team will make the 12-mile sea trip to Lerwick. They have agreed to play all matches there because their pitch is being returfed.

Red-shirted Whalsay have been seen on the mainland in cupties and friendly matches, and when that happened the club and supporters set sail in 70-foot fishing boats. This summer their matches will be played on Saturdays to assist islanders who spend the week with Whalsay's 20-strong fleet.

Linder joins 'dole queue'

● *Continued from page 15*

no club has made an offer to Bayern. Anyway I feel fine in Munich at the moment."

But within a week he announced on a Dutch TV programme he would start playing for Feyenoord next season. Agreement had been reached, he said, by which Feyenoord would pay more than two million guilders for him.

When one could get through the Dutch club's besieged switchboard, a strange evasiveness prevailed. "Gerd Muller is speaking for himself," said one committee man. "We don't say it's true but we don't say it's untrue either. It so often happens that players are in contact with Feyenoord and then manage to get a better deal with their own club. This could be the case with Muller."

From which one assumes that manager Guus Brox has been to Munich cash in hand. But as transfer agreements can only be settled during the transfer period he's playing it very close to the chest.

Feyenoord have bought 26-year-old winger Peter Ressel. He cost them 750,000 guilders from the Belgium club Lierse SK plus a player—probably Jan Boskamp. Ressel, who has a three-year contract, is certainly a good gamble. He can play either on the right or left and Feyenoord need a successor for left-winger Coen Moulijn, who is retiring next season.

While Feyenoord are in the doldrums, Ajax—slayers of Arsenal in the European Cup—revel in glory and a fantastic end-of-season work programme. Between March 26 and April 19 their programme showed four league games (one against Feyenoord), quarter- and semi-final Dutch cup games, and the two legs of their European Cup semi-final Benfica draw—two games a week.

Ferencvaros goalkeeper Voros saves from Derek Dougan and John Richards (9).

WOLVES' MARCH

ACCORDING to some Italian journalists Wolves do not, at the present moment, belong with the aristocracy of British football. The Midland club, however, recently proved too strong for Juventus, who have been the pace-setters in the Italian First Division for several months.

Wolves chalked up their memorable win at Molineux when they qualified for the semi-final of the UEFA Cup with a 2-1 victory which ended a Juventus run of 19 successive unbeaten games in Europe.

For the record this match, which seemed like old times at Molineux with an attendance of 40,421 fans, was the Midlanders eighth match in the competition.

Their easy success over Juventus, who had the audacity to play Wolves without five of their key players, was the seventh win in the competition. The only draw was the 1-1 affair against Juventus in Turin. In those eight games Wolves scored 21 goals and conceded only four—a record which indicates that the famous Staffordshire side are on their way back to the top.

Future

Manager Bill McGarry, a man who admits that he never allows himself to become too excited with the success of his team in one particular match, feels that Wolves are at long last beginning to shape as a team of the future.

He has achieved a good blend in his side despite the luke-warm impression of the supporters at Molineux. McGarry, a blunt man who does not mince his words, says: "Honestly, I do not know what we have got to do to impress these people that we have a side here at Wolverhampton that they can be proud to support.

"I don't go in for gimmicks and never will. I will always rise or fall on the performances of my side. We are certainly moving in the right direction and given the right sort of luck, which every side must have if it is to progress, we can look forward with every confidence.

"But I'm not a man who lives on pipe-dreams. A lot of people get carried away on what they can and cannot achieve. Personally, I live from one match until the next. Naturally, I want to see my side progress and the only way to achieve this is to obtain some consistency."

McGarry is a hard task-master but he is admired by the players because they respect his knowledge and professional approach to the game.

One player at Molineux who is indebted to McGarry is winger Dave Wagstaffe, who is at last producing some of the consistency which has been lacking in his play for several seasons. Everyone is aware that Wagstaffe possesses a tremendous amount of ability. His trouble has been to display it in crucial matches.

If Wolves' 2-1 win over Juventus proved anything it was that in Wagstaffe they have a rare match winner, who can create the space and gaps in any defence with his clever play.

On several occasions he opened up the Juventus defence and in no small way contributed to the attacking force which kept the Italians on the defensive. In the first half particularly he tormented the Juventus defence and both John Richards and Jim McCulloch went inches near to scoring from crosses by the orthodox outside left.

Thanks to the influence of his manager, Wagstaffe is now a serious contender for a place in the England World Cup party. He possesses the kind of flair which wins matches and in such élite company that now exists in the England party he could provide the added ingredient to a match-winning formation.

Wagstaffe, himself, was very impressed with Sir Alf Ramsey when he played for the Football League against the Scottish League at Middlesbrough a few weeks ago.

The Wolves winger says: "I had never met Sir Alf before I went to Middlesbrough. I hadn't been called up for any of the special pre-international gatherings but I discovered that he was a very fine manager.

"Nothing was too much trouble for him. He impressed me with his detailed knowledge of the opposition and the way he conveyed his thoughts and ideas to the players."

Wagstaffe certainly responded well to the promptings of Sir Alf Ramsey because he proved one of the successes of the Inter-League game.

His form came as little surprise to his Wolves' colleague Derek Dougan, who has been raving about Wagstaffe's qualities for many months. He said: "I was beginning to think that I was the only one who could see the rich potential in Dave's play. Now he has got his foot in the door perhaps we shall see more of him in the future."

Wagstaffe, Dougan and company, however, are more intent on reviving the fortunes of Wolves and really moving back among the aristocracy of British soccer. Their success over Juventus was an indication of their potential which should mature to greater things in the future.

BRIAN MARSHALL

Canada clash over dates

COLIN JOSE reports on the American Scene

CANADA, the United States and Mexico are currently awaiting a decision from FIFA on the dates for their World Cup Preliminary Round games in Group One of the CONCACAF region.

The three nations met in Guadalajara, Mexico, on January 21 to determine a schedule but failed to come to an agreement. The Canadians expressed the desire to play in the latter part of May, or June, or July due to the problems of stadium availability after July 15 when the Canadian football season starts. Mexico, however, wanted to play all their games in September and so did the United States.

Canada, in an effort to compromise then agreed to a change of some three months from their original date and suggested that the games be played in August, but the US and Mexico were only prepared to play part of their schedules in August, and so the matter was referred to FIFA for arbitration.

Committee

The Canadian Soccer Association has announced the establishment of a Medical Committee to be attached to the national team. The chairman of this committee is Dr. Thomas Fried of Toronto and the other members are Dr. Alan Bass of Hamilton, Professor Roy Shephard of Toronto, and Dr. Eric Bannister of Vancouver.

Dr. Fried and Dr. Bass are well known throughout the soccer world with Dr. Fried having been associated with the famous Hungarian club Honved during their great years prior to 1956, while Dr. Bass was at one time the club doctor at Arsenal and was the England team doctor during the 1966 World Cup, he is currently a member of the FIFA Medical Committee.

Professor Shephard was born in London, England, and holds four degrees from London University. He is a Board member of the American College of Sports Medicine. Dr. Bannister, who is still playing soccer himself, obtained a B.Sc. from Manchester University and is currently Associate Professor and Chairman, Department of Kinesiology Science of Human Movement at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver.

The number of clubs who will be competing in this year's North American Soccer League still remains in doubt at the time of writing. The biggest problem still lies with the Atlanta Chiefs, who are owned by the Atlanta Braves Baseball Club. Rumour has it that the baseball club is up for sale and that the prospective buyers want to drop the soccer team for as one official put it "they don't want to be associated with a loser."

Financial

It always seems that just when one problem for the NASL management is cleared up another appears. The latest trouble spot being what was considered one of the more stable clubs the Toronto Metros. Like most of the difficulties encountered the problem is financial but it is believed that Toronto will find a way out of their problems if only for this season.

Montreal, one of the doubtful spots for some months, finally appears ready to go and have announced the signing of Graham Adams as their coach. Adams has had a much travelled career, for after playing for Plymouth Argyle and Oxford United he coached Haka Valkeakoski in Finland and has served as national coach in such widely separated spots as Mali and South Korea. Montreal have also announced the appointment of Jim Andrews as general manager. Mr. Andrews is a former vice-president of the Canadian Soccer Association.

In other signings around the league the New York Cosmos have announced the re-appointment of Gordon Bradeley as player-coach and the signing of Israeli international winger Ruben Young, while the Miami Gatos have obtained Peruvian player Willie Fleming Ramirez from Independiente Sacachispas, and Nelson Brizuela, a Paraguayan player from the Deportivo Municipal club of Guatemala.

Historic

The recent annual meeting of the National Soccer Coaches' Association of America was addressed this year by William Anders, Lunar Module pilot on the historic Apollo 8 mission who had played soccer for the US Naval Academy.

This association which holds the reins to the rapidly developing US college soccer scene will undoubtedly become very influential in future years as college soccer grows in strength. Very shortly we can expect to see the US colleges switch away from their own version of the rules and adopt the official FIFA rules.

Cruzeiro impress in Sydney

by ANDREW DETTRE

BY March, Australian soccer began to emerge from its deep summer hibernation, and things started to happen on several fronts.

The first event to raise some blood pressures was the visit of the crack Brazilian team, Cruzeiro. Pitted against another touring side, Czechoslovakia's fine Slovan Bratislava, Cruzeiro put on a show Sydney fans were talking about even weeks later.

Surprisingly, it wasn't Tostao, the "white Pelé", who caught most eyes, though he played an intelligent game. The man who sent Sydney fans into ecstasy was the dark Dirceu Lopes, a brilliant, devastating forward, very much like the young Garrincha. Of course, Cruzeiro are far from a two-man team; World Cup defender Piazza, midfielder Ze Carlos and the Argentinian stopper Perfumo are not to be sneezed at, especially in this soccer wilderness.

In the Sydney match Cruzeiro toyed with Slovan and outclassed them to the tune of an easy 3-0, giving a performance which was by far the best seen here for years, if not ever.

The pity of it all is that the promotion of the match was a total shambles. A private entrepreneur from Melbourne without any experience in football arranged the visits of both teams—and lost heavily on the deal. The Sydney match was watched by about 25,000 people, yet somehow only 16,000 tickets were accounted for. Many gates were not opened even minutes before the game, and the impatient fans, with their dollars in hand, simply broke through to enter the ground.

Triumph

Following this grand opening, at the end of January, Sydney's traditional Ampol Cup was staged for seven weeks with St. George winning the final 3-2 against Western Suburbs. This was something of a triumph for Saints' coach Frank Arok who this year returned from Yugoslavia to take over the team. In the 1969-70 seasons Arok's charges finished second in almost everything they competed for, so perhaps this success, minor as it may be, spells a change of luck for coach and club.

In sharp contrast with past years, the off season was relatively quiet without many exciting transfers and even less importations of note. Hakoah's new coach, Bobby Collins, the former Leeds and Scotland hero, is perhaps the biggest name to land here in the last few months. APIA, another Sydney team, signed on Malcolm Clarke from Hartlepool, who a few years ago toured Australia with Cardiff City. The rest of the newcomers, mainly from Scotland, are not likely to cause much of a ripple on the scene.

More interest is centred on the identity of Australia's first national director of coaching, to be announced soon. An extensive advertising campaign throughout the world attracted some 46 applications for the well-paid job, sponsored by a tobacco company. The applicants will now be reduced to six or seven, and the appointment is likely to be made in June. FIFA coach Dettmar Cramer could have the job if he wanted it but is in two minds about his immediate plans. My tip, at this stage, is Dave McLaren, the former Wolverhampton goalkeeper, who has done a magnificent job in Malaysia in the last two seasons in a similar capacity and who is known to be among the applicants.

Talking of Wolves: they will play a few matches in Australia in June, preceded by Dundee in May. Although it seems unfair to these two fine clubs, neither is likely to cause too much of an excitement. In recent years there has been a glut of British teams visiting these shores, and most of them came without their stars, needed elsewhere. If he comes along for the trip, it would be Jimmy McCalliog's third visit to Australia, having been here with Chelsea in 1965 and with Scotland in 1967.

Always searching for a new boost to football, the Sydney and Melbourne clubs decided to try out a new type of inter-city competition at the end of their respective domestic seasons later this year. The four top sides from each city will be eligible to take part—and the teams will play only against those from the other state, not against one another.

If successful, this venture may be the forerunner of the old Australian dream, a national league. However, I cannot be too optimistic about this: Melbourne clubs are indifferent drawcards in Sydney. As for the prospect of eventual participation of Adelaide, Brisbane, etc., clubs in a national league, this looks positively suicidal. The gap between Sydney and the other cities is widening with every day, and even a combined State side from Adelaide or Brisbane wouldn't be a match for Sydney's top five or six clubs.

In the middle of March, New South Wales, without at least seven of its established stars, took on South Australia in Adelaide and scored an effortless 3-1 win that could have been 8-1. Victoria, despite many cocky Melbourne claims, would suffer a similar defeat in an inter-State match, not to mention Queensland, which would be outclassed by even a Sydney amateur selection.

British readers can see some of their former favourites in this picture, taken at the Wests v. Hakoah match in Sydney. Extreme left is George Kinnell, rising to head the ball is George Yardley.

Johnny Giles of Leeds United and John McGovern of Derby County.

PERSONAL VIEW...

LEEDS A AS GO REAL BECAU

THERE was a time, so long ago it seems to me, when watching football was a real pleasure; when it was possible to play purely because one enjoyed it. These were the days when the players received perhaps £2 per week, when the amateurs really were amateur and actually paid weekly subscriptions to help cover the referee's fee, etc.

Here and there one still meets the occasional player, coach, writer who is really involved with the game, who has a feeling for it, but generally speaking the time has long since passed when football could be fairly described as a sport, a game, a pleasure, a pastime. Today, even in the matches played in public parks, the players are too busy arguing with referees and kicking each other to really enjoy the game as it should be enjoyed, and at top level it is now inescapably clear that football is a big business. Really big — and in many respects it stinks.

Several recent events have driven home to me just how much the noble art of foot-the-ball has changed. First there was a "game" I didn't see—the Rapid Bucharest — Tottenham Hotspur affair, which in the opinion of several eye-witnesses whose opinions I respect, "was the dirtiest game they have ever seen." Having seen some of the other dirty games that my colleagues and I have witnessed it must have been diabolical and underlining the Rumanian's sense of shame, I understand that the *evidence* . . . the TV Video tape of the match was quickly but "accidentally" destroyed.

Then there was that travesty of a football match between Arsenal and Ajax which I did see and really wish I hadn't bothered. Indeed, I can honestly say that if it wasn't my living I would find it very hard to watch present day football week after week. Of course, it isn't all bad, but when it is it's terrible.

Making the Arsenal—Ajax affair all the more disappointing is the fact that this was a prestige game, a "showpiece", the quarter-final of the once illustrious European Cup, and millions watching on TV across the Continent.

It might be of interest to readers that I was the only English football journalist present at the first European Cup Final back in 1956, and at the time I was convinced that "European Football" was the greatest thing the world had been blessed with since Stephenson invented the steam engine.

Now I'm not so sure. It certainly was a great innovation, the brainchild of the late Gabriel Hanot of *L'Equipe* and *France Football*, but the influence of money has all but driven the last vestige of dignity from the game. If my thoughts and feelings right now are a little confused and jumbled I am still sure of one thing: if the European Cup means fights, arguments, squabbles and dull defensive battles—even kicking blood-baths —then it's time we gave it up.

The ridiculous UEFA decision that Borussia Monchengladbach's seven-goal win over FC Internazionale should be replayed was a great mistake which brought the competition into disrepute. No one could be sure who threw the can that hit Boninsegna, and it could conceivably have been an Italian fan who threw it—hoping that officialdom would assume his hand was a German one. Now that the precedent has been created who knows how many more cans will be thrown by a supporter of a losing team?

The third clash between Inter and Borussia was described by neutral French, Belgian and Dutch critics as a fiasco, with the Italians apparently guilty of every kind of foul play and doubts about the integrity of the referee were seriously suggested by newspapers in countries that were not involved.

In the Ajax-Arsenal match the refereeing was very poor indeed with Ajax being awarded a penalty for an imaginary offence, and the foolish official giving free-kicks against players who did no more than LOOK from one yard range at the goalkeeper with the ball in his hands!

The return match in London was perhaps the biggest flop of the year with a floundering Arsenal, utterly devoid of ideas, reduced to hitting a stream of hopeful high crosses into the Ajax penalty area. This completely unintelligent display by Arsenal took English football back more than 20 years; back to the "kick and rush" game we played in the fifties and before the Hungarians showed us what real football was all about.

Of course we must understand that the players today are forced to play under tremendous strain. The financial rewards for success are so great —and you get no bonuses for losing.

The lesson for us all is quite simple: if we are not prepared to accept defeat with dignity, if we have no faith in our ability to play REAL FOOTBALL then we should not play at all. It would be better for every-

...by ERIC BATTY

RE NOT OD AS WERE SE . . .

Eddie Gray (right) of Leeds United with Roy McFarland of Derby County.

one concerned — and this includes Italians, Russians, Poles and the British—if we did not take part in the big international tournaments if we cannot play football under the conditions created by modern business methods.

Looking at this whole question more simply we can see that there was once a time when we watched and played soccer because we liked it. Now the players play for money — big money — and the public pays fancy prices for show-piece fixtures that turn out to be big flops.

If big-time soccer and those who control it cannot do better than they have done this season then perhaps it would be a good thing if the 1971-72 season marked the end of international competition!

★

Even in the English domestic game there is still a lot of fancy talk being thrown around about the clean-up. Those who really know what is going on have been aware throughout that the clean-up, though well intended, was only pressed during the opening weeks of the season. For a few short weeks the kickers and hatchet-men were put out of business, and then very slowly the referees lost their enthusiasm for the campaign. Players gradually began to realise that there were plenty of weak referees whom they could take advantage of, and referees realised that the Disciplinary Committees were not playing their part and applying stiff suspensions. This is the only way to make any attempted clean-up really effective.

Here we can learn something from the Italians who hold disciplinary meetings within hours of the league games each Sunday. A player sent off is punished immediately. On the other hand, in England it will be many weeks before a player who, having been "cautioned" three times, is ordered to appear before the board, and even then he can appeal and ask for opponents to give evidence on his behalf. Disciplinary cases can drag on for months and months and the end result is all too often no more severe than a suspended sentence. This in effect means that the player can play on if he promises to be good.

We all know who the dirty players are. The spectators, the journalists, the referees and the club officials. I dare not mention their names, and no magazine nor daily newspaper, not even the powerful BBC, would dare to mention names because the law is what it is. But there is only one way to clean up English football and that is to send off the dirty players, suspend them and keep on doing it until they are driven out of the game.

For next season the Football League and the Football Association have a vitally important decision to make. They can either make a renewed attack on the kickers, root them out and really clean up the game or we can surrender and let the Mafia take over completely. I wish the League and the FA well. I hope they have the courage to take the decision that must be taken and press it firmly to a conclusion.

Finally I cannot resist a reference to the often repeated suggestions by Mr. Don Revie that his Leeds United players are the greatest team since Real Madrid. As one who saw and admired the great Real of Di Stefano and Puskas fame, any connection between the two teams is nothing less than a joke. Unfortunately I fear that Mr. Revie expects us to take him seriously. He really believes what he has said about his team and Real!

If it was not so serious; if it were not likely to mislead people who never saw Real Madrid at their peak, then I might be tempted to laugh. Of course the game has changed since Di Stefano and Puskas displayed their crafts for Real. It's quicker now and tougher. The money to be made is greater, the pressures are considerably fiercer.

But Real Madrid had the greatest, most fantastic player that I have ever seen and, I suspect, the game has ever known. Alfredo di Stefano was an entertainer the equal of Stanley Matthews, a goalscorer in the mould of Pelé and a creative midfield general comparable with Brazil's Gerson, England's Colin Bell and Italy's Gianni Rivera . . . all rolled into ONE MAN.

Where, I ask Mr. Revie, is the Leeds United player good enough to be mentioned in the same sentence as Di Stefano? Which five Leeds players all combined are good enough to be allowed on the same pitch with the master?

No, Mr. Revie. You will almost certainly kid the Leeds United fans. You might even believe it yourself. BUT YOU WILL NEVER KID ME BECAUSE I SAW DI STEFANO. I saw the man play perhaps a hundred times!

Olympic skiers grab limelight

PETER RAMSEIER of Switzerland.

ARTHUR ROTMIL from Switzerland

SWISS football, although still the country's most popular sport, had to surmount an unexpectedly successful rival branch before resumption of their own programme after the customary mid-winter break. The tremendous achievements of the Swiss winter athletes who gained a remarkable haul of 10 Olympic medals (including four gold) at the games in Sapporo (Japan), have unleashed an unprecedented wave of excitement and delirious joy throughout this country.

Switzerland has emerged at the Olympics, as well as during the subsequent World Cup races, as the world's No. 1 ski-ing nation. Their heroes received, upon returning home, a welcome which —on a different scale, of course—is normally reserved for successful Russian cosmonauts, victorious American generals or English Cup final winners. Footballers, who restarted their domestic affairs in March, had to fight hard to regain the public's interest after the euphoria which uncharacteristically swept this normally sober, but ambitious land, following the Olympian triumphs.

Advantage

At the break, FC Zürich had held a three-point lead over Basel and the defending champions Grasshoppers, but soon a series of unexpected results had contrived to change the situation at the top of the table. In effect, the FC Basel, famous for their late finishing bursts, appears to have done it again. With the psychological advantage of their astonishing home record the blue-reds opened the second half of the campaign with several convincing victories, whilst their nearest rivals stuttered and spluttered allowing Basel to storm to the front.

They have now been unbeaten at their own St. Jakob stadium for nearly four years—precisely since June 1, 1968, when they lost to Grasshoppers 1-0. Little wonder that most visiting teams are nearly paralysed before they tackle Based, who are in any case currently the best team in this country.

Consistency

Led by their brilliant captain Karl Odermatt and supported by further internationals like Balmer, Blättler, Ramseier, Kunz and Hasler, this well organised and superbly balanced side must be favoured for the title. The holders, Grasshoppers, have not quite lived up to their earlier promise and like the other contenders, FC Zürich, have lacked consistency.

Zürich have at least reached the final of the cup, in which they will oppose . . . Basel. In the keenly fought semi-finals, Zürich defeated St. Gallen away by 3-2, whilst Basel beat Young Boys 2-0 at Berne before a crowd of 50,000. The same Wankdorf Stadium will also be the scene of the final scheduled for Whit-Monday, May 22. Still, even if FCZ fail to win the cup, they might at least qualify for the Cup Winners' Cup if Basel become champions and enter the premier competition.

The managerial round-about included this time the national boss Louis Maurer (67), who had asked the SFV (FA) to be released from his contract so that he could join Lausanne. Maurer's departure has come at an unfortunate time since the national side are due to stage a couple of friendly matches against Sweden and Poland, as part of their preparations for the tough World Cup qualifying battles which lie ahead next autumn.

Italy, Turkey and Luxembourg are Switzerland's opponents in what will probably develop into a straight contest between the Swiss and the Italians. As a temporary measure Bruno Michaud (36) has been appointed national coach until a permanent manager is found. Not an easy undertaking in view of the complex conditions in this country's part-time soccer, not least on account of the multi-racial and multi-lingual problems which preclude the engagement of a renowned foreign manager.

Bruno Michaud, the former "libero" with Basel, has gained 15 caps and was appointed in October 1970 coach of the Swiss B team.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTS

WORLD SOCCER back numbers for sale. SAE for price list. Collections bought. R. Lomas, 23 High Storrs Crescent, Sheffield, S11 7JY.

COMPLETE set of bound World Soccers for sale, 1964-1969 inclusive. Offers: 74 Eversley Avenue, Barnehurst, Kent.

by ERIC THORNTON

ADAMSON —TARGET FOR BOOS BUT WHY?

WHEN things are not going well somebody always has to carry the can, but can you please tell me why it is nearly always the poor old manager? That's the question which many others are also posing today, because one particular section of angry enthusiasts in these islands has suddenly lined up a new and unexpected target — Jimmy Adamson.

Perhaps that is not a name as well known as many others outside the game's own small circle, but it does represent someone of undivided loyalties, warm compassion and understanding — the boss of struggling Second Division Burnley.

Admirers

Time was when this quiet young fellow, who was once being canvassed for the England team managership, looked down from the summit on thousands of admirers, became Footballer of the Year, and remained a potent force alongside such idols as Jimmy McIlroy, Ray Pointer, Tommy Cummings, Brian Pilkington and so on.

Those were the days of the affluent sixties, when only six other clubs had better gates than Burnley, and when the Turf Moor boys almost became "double" winners, just losing a Wembley final, then finishing only three points short of the title.

Injuries

Another tremendous trial was sketched once more the next winter, on which occasion only injuries forced them into third place in the run-in for the championship, but nobody worried too much because the future seemed assured.

Definitely great years in the East Lancashire cotton town. But not so great a mere 24 miles distant in that same period of time, because success had then deserted the Maine Road Revie-plan Cup winners, and they were drifting out of the First Division.

Attendance

The crowd on a ground which once accommodated the provincial record of 84,000, thinned so much that never more than a quarter of the 64 turnstiles were opened, while the attendance went down and down to an all-time low of 8,400 and the fans bayed for the blood of the folk in control.

It never seemed likely that such dark clouds would move north along the Pennines to Bob Lord country, yet that is exactly what has happened with changes being demanded, and the popular chant featuring two punch words: "Adamson out".

How has this position built up? It began developing around 12 months ago. That was when the team failed to last the pace and took the dive to the tremendous surprise of the majority of experts.

Almost exactly a year earlier, Adamson had taken charge for the first time, and, on climbing up into the hot seat, had immediately forecast that the club could possibly shape the team of the seventies.

That advice was carefully remembered, especially by the downcast hordes on the terraces, so they all looked ahead and hoped for a wonder rainbow, but never enjoyed one because nothing went right and luck was rationed.

Economics

Instead of setting a glorious pace and climbing out of the Second Division at the first attempt, Burnley found the going much harder than had been anticipated and, in fact, were sometimes fortunate in staying away from the "dead" men.

Of course, it may be argued that they would have put up better performances if Willie Morgan, Ralph Coates, John Connelly and one or two others had not been sold to balance the books in the constant battle of economics, but necessity has often before forced departures to sustain top soccer in a township of less than 90,000.

Discussions

Adamson, who knew the toughness of life while emerging from boyhood in the same Ashington pit town as the Charltons, stays out of public discussions while the angry ones swell the daily post, saying their virulent pieces.

The former winghalf did make one strong point, however, when he said: "I'm making no excuses, because he who seeks excuses only accuses himself and, in any event, people are entitled to their views."

The fan who pays his money will agree with that. They should also take note that chairman Lord is still backing Jimmy, and not blaming him for recruitment failures.

"HEALTHY FOOD GIVES A HEALTHY BODY"

MARIGOLD BASIC PROTEIN —The inexpensive "Meatless Meat" ask for Recipe Sheet. Honey — the "NECTAR OF THE GODS" from unsprayed flowers.

DULSE — IRISH SEAWEED — Get life's essential minerals served as a Vegetable or Soup.

Where possible Marigold Foods are originally grown and manufactured without artificial colourings and flavourings.

MARIGOLD FOODS LIMITED,
29 Bell Street, London,
NW1 5BY.
Tel. 01-262 9940

Few incidents in Libertadores Cup

by ERIC WEIL

THE 1972 "Libertadores" Cup, the South American Club Championship in which champions and vice-champions of the ten member countries of the South American Football Confederation are eligible to take part, opened tamely with teams of the same country meeting each other in most cases and five of these seven games ending in draws.

Nineteen participants are divided into five groups in which clubs play each other home and away. The winners of each group go into the semi-final groups, together with present cup holders Nacional of Uruguay.

With roughly half the games played, the other Uruguayan team, Peñarol, who have won this title three times, are virtually through in Group 5, but the fight is close elsewhere and as yet there haven't been any incidents for which this competition is famous.

GROUP ONE (Argentina-Colombia)

The two Argentine teams, Independiente and Rosario Central, picked up three points each from their two games in Colombia against Independiente-Santa Fe (champions) and Nacional (vice-champions) in spite of the altitude, which always affects visiting teams to some extent.

Argentina's Independiente were the better team against Nacional, but only managed to equalise 1-1 six minutes from the end and then deservedly beat Independiente-Santa Fe 4-2. Rosario Central were also the better team in the goalless draw with Santa Fe and then beat Nacional in a poor and rough encounter. Yet Independiente impressed more in Colombia.

When the two Argentine teams drew 2-2 at Rosario in the opening game, it was Central's mistakes and loopholes in defence which cost them a point in a game in which they created more chances. Yet Independiente, with a tight defence and forwards with plenty of endeavour, even if they lacked punch, looked likely to go further in this competition—with more experience and a certain amount of luck too.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Independiente (Argentina)	3	1	2	–	7	5	4
Rosario Central (Argentina)	3	1	2	–	3	2	4
Nacional (Colombia)	3	–	2	1	2	3	2
Independ.-Santa Fe (Col.)	3	–	2	1	3	5	2

GROUP TWO (Bolivia-Ecuador)

So far only teams from the same country have met each other twice. As Ecuador's champions, Barcelona managed to get three points out of vice-champions America, while the Bolivian teams, Oriente Petrolero and Deportivo Chaco, beat each other, Barcelona leads by a point.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Barcelona (Ecuador)	2	1	1	–	2	1	3
Oriente Petrolero (Bolivia)	2	1	–	1	5	1	2
Deportivo Chaco (Bolivia)	2	1	–	1	1	5	2
America (Ecuador)	2	–	1	1	1	2	1

GROUP THREE (Brazil-Paraguay)

San Paulo, the Brazilian vice-champions who have several experienced players in their ranks (notably Uruguayan centre-forward Pedro Rocha), are already being hailed by the Brazilian press as probable "Libertadores" Cup winners.

Certainly they did better at home against Paraguay's Olimpia (champions) and Cerro Porteño (vice-champions), beating them 3-1 and 4-0 respectively, than the Brazilian champions, Atletico Mineiro, who could only draw against the same rivals.

In the meeting between the two Brazilian clubs, which ended 2-2, Atletico scored twice in the last 12 minutes when San Paulo appeared to be coasting to deserved victory. While the two Brazilian teams lead in this group, they were both due to travel to Paraguay for the return matches—which were not expected to be walk-overs.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
San Paulo (Brazil)	3	2	1	–	9	3	5
Atletico Mineiro (Brazil)	3	–	3	–	3	3	3
Olimpia (Paraguay)	3	–	2	1	2	4	2
Cerro Porteño (Paraguay)	3	–	2	1	2	6	2

GROUP FOUR (Chile-Peru)

Union San Felipe, the Chilean provincial club which surprisingly won the First Division championship in their first season after winning promotion—just by top fitness and running their rivals and themselves off their feet—are doing well in the "Libertadores" Cup, although, with no previous international experience, they were not generally expected to do so.

But Alianza, the Peruvian vice-champions, who jointly lead the group with them, must be slight favourites at this stage. They have played their three away games and got three out of four points in Chile, although they were beaten by Universitario, the Peruvian champions. They should do better at home, especially if their international forward, Cubillas, continues to turn in top class performances.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Union San Felipe (Chile)	2	1	1	–	3	2	3
Alianza Lima (Peru)	3	1	1	1	4	4	3
Universitario (Peru)	1	1	–	–	2	1	2
Universidad de Chile	2	–	–	2	4	6	–

GROUP FIVE (Uruguay-Venezuela)

Peñarol had the easiest task by being drawn against the inexperienced Venezuelan teams, Valencia (champions) and Deportivo Italia (vice-champions).

They proved it by winning both games at Venezuela narrowly. Their superiority may have deserved a bigger margin, but they did not impress. With only two home games against the Venezuelan teams to go, Peñarol were almost certain group winners as they needed only two out of four points.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Peñarol (Uruguay)	2	2	–	–	3	1	4
Dep. Italia (Venezuela)	3	1	1	1	3	2	3
Valencia	3	–	1	2	2	5	1

SOUTH AMERICAN CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

Group One

February 16

ROSARIO CENTRAL (Argentina) (0) 2 (Colman, Poy)
INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (0) 2 (Pastoriza, Mircoli)

Rosario: N. Menutti, Gonzalez, Pascutini, Fanesi, Killer, Landucci, Almar, Colman, Bóveda, Poy, Gramajo (Bustos).

Independiente: Santoro, Sá, Lopez, Garisto, Pavoni, Raimondo, Pastoriza, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Maglioni (Bulla), Mircoli.

INDEPENDIENTE-SANTA FE (Colombia) (1) 1 (Cañon)
NACIONAL (Colombia) (1) 1 (Moncada) (20,000)

Santa Fe: Ovejero, Vazquez, Basilico, Rodriguez, Aguirre, Gonzalez, Waltinho, Cañon, Arce (Alzate), Campaz, Montaño.

Nacional: Navarro, Moncada, Campan, Calics, Ortiz, Alvarez, Gomez, Santa (Lobaton), Fernandez, Piñero, Hurtado.

February 22

NACIONAL (Colombia) (0) 1 (Piñeiro)
INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (0) 1 (Bulla)

Nacional: Navarro, Moncada, Calics, Campas, Ortiz, Alvarez, Gomez, Santa, Piñeiros, Fernandez, Hurtado.

Independiente: Santoro, Sá, Lopez, Garisto, Pavoni, Pastoriza, Raimondo, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Bulla, Mircoli.

INDEPENDIENTE-SANTA FE (Colombia) 0
ROSARIO CENTRAL (Argentina) 0

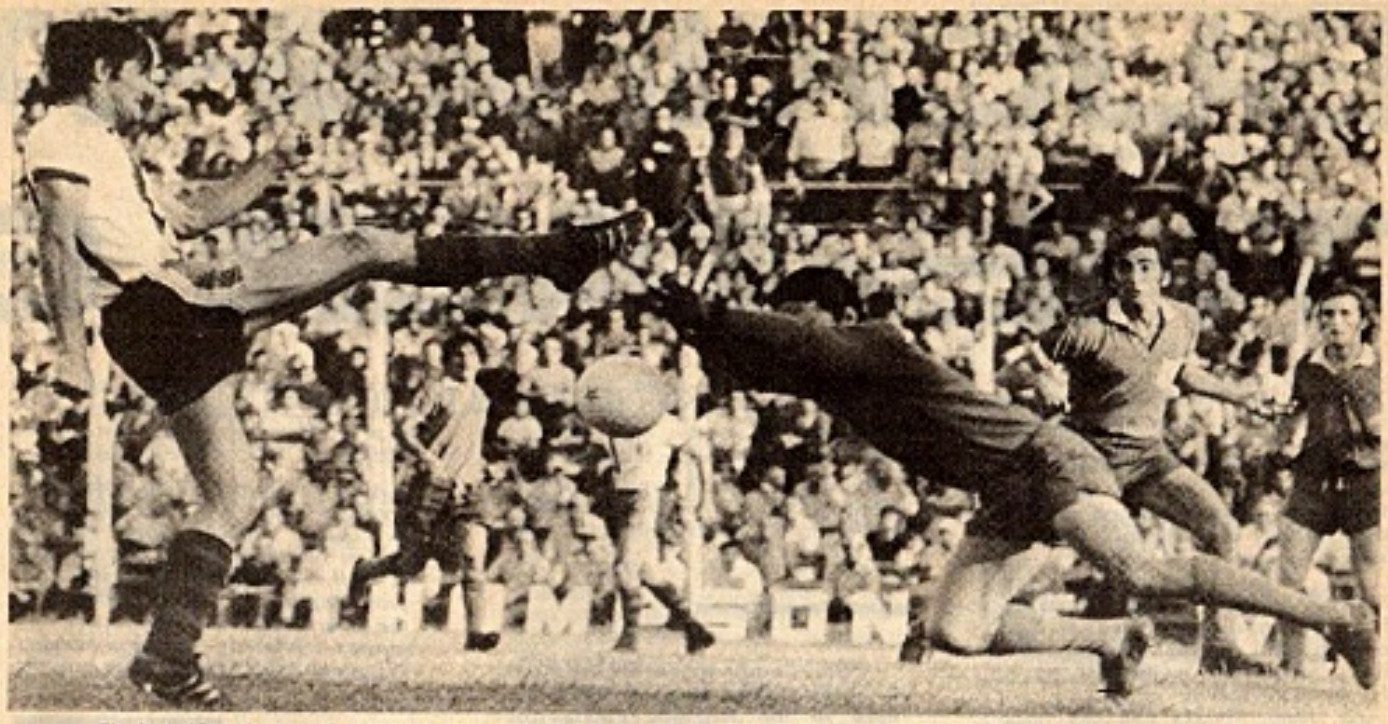
Indep. Santa Fe: Ovejero, Vazquez, Basilico, Rodriguez, Aguirre, Cañon, Moreas, Gonzalez, Arce, Campas, Montaño.

Rosario Central: Menutti, Gonzalez, Pascutini, Fanessi, Killer, Colman, Bustos, Almar, Bóveda, Poy, Gramajo.

February 24

NACIONAL (Colombia) 0
ROSARIO CENTRAL (Argentina) (0) 1 (Gramajo)

Nacional: Navarro, Moncada, Calics, Campas, Ortiz, Alvarez, Lastra, Santos, Piñeros, Hurtado, Ramirez.



Fischer (San Lorenzo) tries to connect with a centre while Santaro of Independiente tries to parry the ball . . . but both miss.

Rosario Central: Menotti, Gonzalez, Pascuttini, Fenesi, M. Killer, Colman, Landucci, Aimar, Bóveda, Poy, Gramajo.
Referee: A. Marques (Brazil).

INDEPENDIENTE-SANTA FE (Colombia (1) 2 (Campaz, Cruz)
INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (2) 4 (Balbuena 2, Semenewicz, Mircoli)
Indep. Santa Fe: Ovejero, Vazquez, Basilico, Rodriguez, Aguirre, Cañon, Moraes, Gonzalez, Campaz, Montaño, Arce.
Independiente: Santoro, Sá, Lopez, Garisto, Pavoni, Raimondo, Pastoriza, Semenewicz, Balbuena, Bulla, Mircoli.

Group Two

February 27

ORIENTE PETROLERO (Bolivia) 6
DEPORTIVO CHACO (Bolivia) 0

BARCELONA (Ecuador) (0) 3 (Leon 2, Washington Muñuz)
AMERICA de Quito (Ecuador) (0) 1 (Echevarria)
Barcelona: Montoya, Cardenas, Perez, Noriega, Peláez, Páez, Bolaños, Muñoz, León, Spencer, Moran.
America: Fernandez, Perez, Paez, Valencia, Lasso, De Maria, Echevarria, Cevallos, Caballero, Marin, Adorno.
Referee: O. Veiro (Argentina).

March 5

DEPORTIVO CHACO (Bolivia) (1) 1 (Mesa)
ORIENTE PETROLERO (Bolivia) 0

AMERICA de Quito (Ecuador) 0
BARCELONA (Ecuador) 0

Group Three

February 20

OLIMPIA (Paraguay) (0) 1 (Rolon)
CERRO PORTENO (Paraguay) (0) 1 (Talavera)
Olimpia: Benitez, Molinas, Monges, Villalba, Sandoval, Godoy, Sosa, Cerres, Diarte, Rolon, Gimenez.
Cerro Porteño: Villanueva, Enciso, Ortiz, F. Rivero, Mendoza, J. Rivero, Seguir, Arrúa, Barreiro, Escobar, Irala.
Referee: J. Silvagno (Chile).

March 1

SAN PAULO (Brazil) (0) 3 (Toninho (2), I. Rocha)
OLIMPIA (Paraguay) (0) 1 (Godoy)
San Paulo: Sergio, Forlán, Samuel, Arlindo, Gilberto, Carlos Alberto, Rocha, Ze Roberto, Terto, Toninho I., Toninho II.
Olimpia: Benitez, Molina, Bebadilla, Monges, N. Benitez, Godoy, Sosa, Verga, Cabrera, Diarte, Gimenez.

ATLETICO MINEIRO (Brazil) (1) 1 (Dario)
CERRO PORTENO (Paraguay) (0) 1 (Marin)
At. Mineiro: Renato, Humberto, Grapete, Ventuir, Oldair, Vanderlei, H. Ramos, Renaldo, Dario, Lula, Tiao (Romeo).
Cerro Porteño: Villanueva, Enciso, Ortiz, F. Rivero, Mendoza, Jara, J. Rivero (Talavera), Arrúa, Barreiro, Marin (Escobar), Irala.

March 5

SAN PAULO (Brazil) (1) 4 (Toninho I. (2), Rocha, Ze Carlos)
CERRO PORTENO (Paraguay) 0
San Paulo: Sergio (Vanderlei), Forlan, Samuel, Arlindo, Gilberto, Carlos Alberto, Rocha, Paulo, Terto (Ze Carlos), Toninho I, Toninho II.
Cerro Porteño: Villanueva, Enciso, F. Rivero (Rodriguez), Ortiz, Mendoza, Seguier, J. Rivero, Barreiro (Taledera), Arrua, Escobar, Irala.

ATLETICO MINEIRO (Brazil) 0
OLIMPIA (Paraguay) 0

Group Four

February 25

UNION SAN FELIPE (Chile) (3) 3 (Rojas, Grafina, Carvallo)
UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE (1) 2 (Gallegos, Peralta)
Union San Felipe: Olivares, Alarcón, Belavigna, Castillo, Olmos, Gaete, Diaz, Carvallo, Nuñez, Grafina, Rojas.
Universidad: Neff, Las Heras, Villalobos, Muñoz, Biporra, Peralta, Sarnari, Arangetz, Gallegos, Spadaletti, Barrera.

UNIVERSITARIO (Peru) 2
ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) 1

March 1

UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE (0) 2 (Barrera 2)
ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) (2) 3 (Cubillas 2, Villalobos)
Universidad: Neff, Las Heras, Villalobos, Rodriguez, Gallardo, Peralta, Sarnari, Soñas, Spadaletti (Zelada), Aranguiz, Barrera.
Alianza: Ponce, Gonzalez, Castillo, Velazquez, Risco, Zegarra, Alé, Sierra, Cubillas, Baylon, Riveros.

March 5

UNION SAN RELIPE (Chile) 0
ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) 0

Group Five

February 12

VALENCIA (Venezuela) (0) 1 (Chabonga)
DEPORTIVO ITALIA (Venezuela) (1) 1 (Rui)
Valencia: Oleinicki, Tenias, Stanich, Freddy, Lacrampe, Martinez, Ferraro, Cirrincione (Chabonga), Zezinho, Arean, Clausi.
Dep. Italia: Fasano, Marin, Tenorio, Vicente, Torres, Useche, Rui, Aloyr, Sapocsya, Bibi, Mateo.

February 19

DEPORTIVO ITALIA (Venezuela) (0) 0
PENAROL (Uruguay) (0) 1 (Jimenez)
Dep. Italia: Fasano, Marin, Arnaut, Vicente, Torres, Raul, Useche, Moravic, Bibi, Alcyr, Matteo.
Peñarol: Corbo, Sandoval, Fernandez, Gonzalez, Viera, Caetano, Acuña, Jimenez, Diaz, Lamas, R. Corbo.

February 23

VALENCIA (Venezuela) (1) 1 (Cirrinciona)
PENAROL (Uruguay (2) 2 (R. Corbo, Quevedo)
Valencia: Olesniky, Tenias, Freddy, Stanich, Lacrampe, Martinez, Ferraro, Cirrincione, Arean, Zezinho, Clausi.
Peñarol: W. Corbo, Gonzalez, Sandoval, Amoroso, Caetano, Lamas, Vieira, Quevedo, Jimenez, Diaz, R. Corbo.

March 4

DEPORTIVO ITALIA (Venezuela) 2
VALENCIA (Venezuela) 0

BUCKINGHA THE TALK O

by NORMAN CUTLER

VIC BUCKINGHAM is the talk of Spain . . . as new manager of First Division Seville. He took over from Dan Georgiadis when under the Greek manager the Andalusian side struck the worst patch in their history and slumped into the relegation zone.

The strange feature was that Seville's first match under Buckingham was against Atletico Madrid, now directed by Max Merkel, after being sacked by Seville last season for insubordination.

As usual Merkel had his usual comments. Before the match (result 1-1) he asked Vic: "How do you like managing the great team I built?"

Buckingham, with typical English calm, replied: "It's interesting, teaching them the fundamentals of football."

A brave quote by Sir Stanley Rous in Madrid. "The doors of FIFA are open to the Republic Popular of China. We welcome them. But not at the exclusion of the Chinese Nationalists FA."

Another Spanish questionable proposal to UEFA following the injury to Quini, Spain's inside-forward against Northern in the Nations Cup at Hull. The Spanish Federation are proposing that ". . . UEFA guarantee the salaries and bonuses lost by all players injured during matches organised by UEFA." What a hope!

The "great" Rinus Michels, Barcelona's much publicised—and criticised (with justification)—manager eventually faced facts and became *humble* after boasting for months that the ex-Buckingham's Palace team would win the League championship.

He conceded the title to Real Madrid (as far as Barcelona are concerned) 11 weeks before the season ended when Real had a seven-point lead.

Zoco of Real Madrid.

Artigas at it again

Salvador Artigas, manager of Atletico Bilbao, is at it again—as stupidly as ever.

"Foreign managers," he says, "simply come to Spain to learn the game. They certainly don't bring anything useful to our football." *(Nonsense. Spain has nothing to teach—English managers, anyway.)*

"Foreigners consider football depends only on perfect physical fitness. They ignore completely the most important and vital things like the difference of the game's tempo in Spain, the Spanish players' character and the atmosphere and climate conditions."

Artigas gained courage to comment like this after Atletico Bilbao's 1-0 defeat of Real Madrid.

He's just talking nonsense. How did Ronnie Allen guide Bilbao to winning the Spanish Cup final and runners-up position in the league?

M IS F SPAIN

NORMAN CUTLER, the widely read and informed Spanish correspondent of WORLD SOCCER, recently underwent a major heart operation that necessitated him leaving his post in Spain for a time. But, typically, Norman refused to let a month go by without relaying news of the Spanish scene to his WORLD SOCCER readers. From his bedside in England, the indefatigable Norman kept in touch with his contacts in Spain to compile this report.

What about Vic Buckingham's defeat in taking Barcelona from 12th position to runners-up (losing the title on goal average) and to win the Spanish Cup?

Or Marcel Domingo's and Alfredo di Stefano's league title successes with Atletico Madrid or Valencia?

Button-up, Sr. Artigas . . . you're not doing so hot yourself!

Cruz joins Barcelona

TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD De la Cruz, Granada's full-back, has been signed by Barcelona for £48,000. He cannot play in the present league competition (having played for Granada) but he is available for the Spanish Cup that begins in June.

Cruz joined Granada two years ago from Valladolid for £18,000; gained a "B" International cap against Portugal, and is now in Kubala's international squad.

He's a good buy . . . but what's happened to manager Michel's "I never buy players. I make them like I did at Ajax." Did Michel make Johann Cruyff?

Gento—on his successor

Real Madrid's spoilt play-boy, Francisco Gento, gives his opinion of his successor, the young goal-scoring Argentine, ANZARDA.

"He's not as rapid as I was but maybe he'll become faster when acclimatised to Spanish football."

"It's difficult to find a player as fast as myself and at the same time as good.

"If Anzarda had played beside Hector Rial as I did, he'd be a hundred times better.

"Technically he is better than I was but a good footballer needs more than technology."

Where's that much publicised Gento modesty gone?

Alberto, Atletico Madrid's 29-year-old outside-left, has been with the club for three seasons. Previously he was a regular with Gijon and Valladolid.

His claim to "fame" is that in ten years as a professional he has never received an injury of any kind. Not one training session has he missed through injury or illness and has only been out of the league side—particularly Atletico's—through managerial idiosyncrasies.

Atletico the team for Allen

Ronnie Allen has been more in the news recently than when he set Spain alight between 1969 and 1971. Apart from the rumours that he is to become manager of Coventry City and several other English clubs, stories abound that Atletico Madrid, Celta, Zaragoza, Malaga, Sabadell and Las Palmas are all interested in his services.

Atletico Madrid is the team he should join, if he really has a choice . . . he will have the money to strengthen the team and might well give Real the fright of their lives. There would be only one thing, he'd have to change his principles of stopping players from talking to the Press. That's all Atletico Madrid players do, *other than try to play football.*

The really big rumour in Spain about Allen is that he has been invited to train the Mexican National side for the 1974 World Cup. It might even happen, the rumour is strong, so are the enticements, but I should think it would be funny to see Ronnie on that great World Cup Stadium training the Mexican side dressed in a sombrero and poncho.

"International Franz Beckenbauer, captain of Bayern Munich, will be definitely wearing Atletico Madrid colours next season," says manager Max Merkel. "I've fixed it."

Three seasons ago Sebastian Fleitas was the "Wonder Boy" of Spanish football. Real signed him from Malaga for £50,000, he became favourite of Madrid's thousands and his brilliant opportunism was intended to revitalise the weakening power of the great club's forward line.

He has played in 76 games and scored many valuable goals. But there seems no place for him in the present "Baby Show". This season he's played in only six complete games.

When his contract ends on June 30, there is little doubt that he will sign for Peñarol. That club's president has already come to terms with Real Madrid and Fleitas. Maybe something out of the blue will come, but Fleitas is a little disillusioned and I think he will prefer to go back home.

Don Felix Oraa—President of Atletico Bilbao.

STEIN BREAKS TIME BARRIER AT CELTIC

TIME is the biggest enemy to any successful soccer side. It is the unbreakable barrier that is always favourite to triumph where other teams fail. Settled and consistent formations and proved patterns must be changed and reconstructed when time takes over. Veteran players take a back seat as the youngsters come in and it is usually in this transitional period that successful sides lose their greatness, their rhythm and their stature.

Real Madrid are the prime example. Masters of all the arts they were unchallenged as they swept through Europe season after season, but when Di Stefano lost his shooting power, Gento his speed and Puskas his artistry they fell from their lofty perch.

With all this taken into consideration it is therefore remarkable that Celtic won the Scottish League title for a record SEVENTH time on the trot this season. It was a magnificent and incredible achievement for Celtic and their manager Jock Stein.

Players who had taken Celtic to European glory in Lisbon in 1967 had to step aside and move on. Tommy Gemmell, one of the players who did so much to make Celtic the first British club to conquer Europe in the Champions' Cup; John Clark, the sweeper supreme; Bertie Auld, the midfield genius; Ronnie Simpson, the superb 'keeper; and Stevie Chalmers, the goal thief. All these players along with John Hughes, Willie Wallace and some others had to go.

Time had stolen most of their rare talents and it was time for Celtic to start all over again. For most sides just to survive in this moment of change is enough to be called a minor success.

Transfer

However, the shrewd managership of Jock Stein made certain that Celtic would win their personal battle against time. He made a couple of excursions into the transfer market, but it was his long-range planning over the past four or more years that kept the Parkhead club at the top.

He had carefully and meticulously planned for the transitional period. It had to come and when it did arrive Celtic were well prepared. Players such as Lou Macari, George Connelly and Kenny Dalglish were brought in for their first full season in the top team, and it is a tribute to the foresight of Stein that these three players were among the most consistent at Parkhead this term.

Other Parkhead bright boys also got their chances in several games and the parade of talent and ability left the Celtic fans totally breathless. Vic Davidson, Pat McCluskey, Danny McGrain, Paul Wilson and Jimmy Quinn played first team matches at some point in the season and from their promising performances Celtic's future looks insured for at least another six years at the pinnacle of Scottish soccer.

And the young revolution helped the older players find their top form. Skipper Billy McNeill has never looked more commanding than with Connelly playing beside him. Their understanding is almost faultless.

Superbly

Dalglish, Scotland's wonder boy of the year, brought out the best in Bobby Murdoch, and to watch these two gifted players combine their skills in the middle of the park is to watch soccer as it was meant to be played.

Macari, a very dangerous man in the penalty box, took a lot of the weight from Bobby Lennox up in the firing line, and they combined superbly with Dixie Deans, a £20,000 buy from Motherwell, to make it a trio of terror for any defence.

The amount of talent at Jock Stein's disposal is astounding. He has a first

Callaghan (right) of Celtic scores against Dundee in a Scottish Cup match.

Scottish Angle by ALEX GORDON

team pool of 20 players and can change it from week to week without upsetting the balance or the rhythm. His players are not headline seekers. Midfield man Tommy Callaghan, Celtic's second most expensive buy at £30,000 from Dunfermline three years ago, very rarely takes the glory in the glowing match reports Celtic receive almost every week, but he is an essential and very important part of the Parkhead success story.

Callaghan is the sort of player EVERY team must have if they hope to do anything in soccer. He is a worker with a lot of class and running power. He adds a new dimension to Celtic's pattern when he plays. He can pick the ball up inside his own penalty area and immediately transform defence into attack. He can carry it or sweep it downfield to an unmarked colleague and be so cool and precise about it that you sometimes fail to notice that he is doing it under fierce pressure.

Bob Wilson, the Arsenal goalkeeper, is helped off by trainer Fred Street after injuring his knee in an FA Cup clash with Stoke City. The referee is Keith Walker. Wilson, who underwent a cartilage operation the next day, will miss the Scotland trip to Brazil.

Spotlight

Callaghan doesn't look as exciting as Jimmy Johnstone when he is on the ball, but he is certainly just as effective. Another player who plays his part with Celtic without wanting the spotlight of publicity turned on him is Davie Hay.

Hay, only 23, has amazing versatility and can play in both full-back roles and the half-back line without looking out of place. In the past he has been a huge success as a competitive player in the middle of the park, where he can win the ball and use it well. At full-back he has an excellent understanding with Johnstone when he comes up on the overlap.

At the back of the defence Evan Williams is as safe as they come. After his nightmare 90 minutes in the League Cup Final against Partick Thistle in October he has answered his critics with consistently good, if not spectacular, performances. Every 'keeper in Scotland must admit that being Celtic's goalkeeper is one of the hardest jobs in soccer.

For long spells Williams has absolutely nothing to do, and it is very easy to let your concentration wander in these moments. Then suddenly, after a period of inactivity, the rival team breaks away and Williams is called to duty. It is never easy to do well in these circumstances, but I would think Williams has proved himself with his consistency.

Making sure that he is kept on edge are Denis Connaghan, a £12,000 buy from St. Mirren, and Danish star Lief Nielson, who was signed two months ago after a spell with Morton.

In fact, every player in the Celtic first team realises that there is a replacement ready to step in if their form shades a bit. Every position is well covered and with so many good youngsters waiting desperately for their opportunity it ensures against the first team players getting complacent.

Aberdeen must be applauded for their gallant effort in trying to halt the Celtic record run o titles, but after the transfer of skipper Ma. 'n Buchan to Manchester United they hit a bad patch and again found themselves looking on from the sidelines as Celtic galloped away with the championship.

Rangers never recovered completely from a terrible start to the season, and were never in with a chance of stopping Jock Stein's men. Hibs and Hearts and a couple of others played well in their home matches against Celtic, but they couldn't find the consistency that makes champions.

So it's Celtic's title yet again and I reckon they made an easy job of what should have been their toughest task. The brilliant babes took over and were able to pace the season to perfection.

But how long will their domination of Scotland last? Jock Stein will have already started planning for the future because he knows only time will tell!

● *Continued from page 4*

Rivera's suspension must mean the return of an old face. Talking to a friend about Domenghini recently I suggested that perhaps he was finished as a top-class player. "*No,*" the man replied gravely, "*Domenghini e morto.*" As it turns out a premature piece of character assassination for the player is right on song, scoring goals, running energetically, thinking positively. In the past he has often come up as the Italians' trump card, quite excellent in the some of their games in the same competition four years ago, his late free-kick gaining for the Italians the right to replay the final when all seemed lost in their first game against Yugoslavia. It doesn't need genuis to suggest that perhaps Mazzola will be moved from right wing to inside forward, that Domenghini may win back his place as a roving winger.

One can say, *apropos* face-saving, that Riva is rapidly gaining the form that made him fearsome; that Boninsegna's loss of form and perennial flirting with injury may open the way for the re-entry of Anastasi; and that Benetti will have to prove himself now that he is deprived of the guidance of Rivera.

But prognostication remains desperately hard. There can be little doubt but that despite all their intended panache with regard to the defeat at the hands of Greece, the Italians were hurt by that performance.

It exposed their lack of resolve, opened questions as to tactics and formation that should have been decided before the game was played, made Valcareggi look and sound sheepish. The Belgians suggest themselves as the sort of side that could upset the apple-cart by hard running, skill in the midfield positions, solidity in goal and enough talent at the back to look after Riva and Boninsegna were those two gentleman to play on less than all available cylinders.

AFRICA

First preliminary round

Group 1
Senegal v. Morocco
Morocco v. Senegal

Group 2
2. 3.72 Algeria v. Guinea
12. 3.72 Guinea v. Algeria

Group 3
16/18.9.72 AR Egypt v. Tunisia
25. 9.72 Tunisia v. AR Egypt

Group 4
15.10.72 Sierra Leone v. Ivory Coast
29.10.72 Ivory Coast v. Sierra Leone

Group 5
15.10.72 Kenya v. Sudan
22.10.72 Sudan v. Kenya

Group 6
11. 6.72 Mauritius v. Madagascar
18. 6.72 Madagascar v. Mauritius

Group 7
Ethiopia v. Tanzania
Tanzania v. Ethiopia

Group 8
30. 4.72 Lesotho v. Zambia
4. 6.72 Zambia v. Lesotho

Group 9
Congo Brazza. v. Nigeria
Nigeria v. Congo Brazza.

Group 10
Dahomey v. Ghana
Ghana v. Dahomey

Group 11
6. 6.72 Togo v. Zaire
20. 6.72 Zaire v. Togo

Group 12
Cameroons v. Gabon
Gabon v. Cameroons

CONCACAF

First preliminary round

Group 1
USA v. Canada
Canada v. USA
10. 9.72 USA v. Mexico
17. 9.72 Mexico v. USA
Canada v. Mexico
Mexico v. Canada

Group 2
16. 7.72 Guatemala v. El Salvador
23. 7.72 El Salvador v. Guatemala

Group 3
3.12.72 Honduras v. Costa Rica
10.12.72 Costa Rica v. Honduras

Group 4
11. 6.72 Jamaica v. Neth. Antilles
Neth. Antilles v. Jamaica

Group 5
15. 4.72 Haiti v. Puerto Rico
26. 9.72 Puerto v. Haiti

Group 6
Surinam v. Trinidad
Trinidad v. Surinam
Surinam v. Antigua
Antigua v. Surinam
Trinidad v. Antigua
Antigua v. Trinidad

EUROPE

Group 1
14.11.71 Malta 0, Hungary 2
30. 4.72 Austria v. Malta
6. 5.72 Hungary v. Malta
25. 5.72 Sweden v. Hungary
10. 6.72 Austria v. Sweden
15.10.72 Sweden v. Malta
15.10.72 Austria v. Hungary
25.11.72 Malta v. Austria
29. 4.73 Hungary v. Austria
24. 5.73 Sweden v. Austria
13. 6.73 Hungary v. Sweden
11.11.73 Malta v. Sweden

Group 2
8.10.72 Luxembourg v. Italy
21/22.10.72 Switzerland v. Italy
22.10.72 Luxembourg v. Turkey
10.12.72 Turkey v. Luxembourg
10. 3.73 Italy v. Turkey
31. 3.73 Italy v. Luxembourg
15. 4.73 Luxembourg v. Switzerland
9. 5.73 Switzerland v. Turkey
26. 9.73 Switzerland v. Luxembourg
20.10.73 Italy v. Switzerland
18.11.73 Turkey v. Switzerland
22.12.73 Turkey v. Italy

Group 3
18. 5.72 Belgium v. Iceland
22. 5.72 Iceland v. Belgium (In Belgium)
2. 8.72 Norway v. Iceland
7. 8.72 Iceland v. Norway
4.10.72 Norway v. Belgium
1.11.72 Netherlands v. Norway
19.11.72 Belgium v. Netherlands
22. 8.73 Netherlands v. Iceland
29. 8.73 Iceland v. Netherlands (In Netherlands)
12. 9.73 Norway v. Netherlands
31.10.73 Belgium v. Norway
18.11.73 Netherlands v. Belgium

Group 4
21. 6.72 Finland v. Albania
20. 9.72 Finland v. Rumania
7.10.72 East Germany v. Finland
29.10.72 Rumania v. Albania
8. 4.73 East Germany v. Albania
6. 5.73 Albania v. Rumania
27. 5.73 Rumania v. East Germany
6. 6.73 Finland v. East Germany
26. 9.73 East Germany v. Rumania
10.10.73 Albania v. Finland
14.10.73 Rumania v. Finland
3.11.73 Albania v. East Germany

Group 5
17.10.73 England v. Poland
6. 6.73 Poland v. England
24. 1.73 England v. Wales
15.11.72 Wales v. England
26. 9.73 Poland v. Wales
28. 3.73 Wales v. Poland

Group 6
Northern Ireland v. Cyprus
29. 3.72 Portugal v. Cyprus
10. 5.72 Cyprus v. Portugal
18.10.72 Bulgaria v. Northern Ireland
19.11.72 Cyprus v. Bulgaria
14. 2.73 Cyprus v. Northern Ireland
28. 3.73 Northern Ireland v. Portugal
2. 5.73 Bulgaria v. Portugal
26. 9.73 Northern Ireland v. Bulgaria
13.10.73 Portugal v. Bulgaria
14.11.73 Portugal v. Northern Ireland
18.11.73 Bulgaria v. Cyprus

Group 7
19.10.72 Spain v. Yugoslavia
19.11.72 Yugoslavia v. Greece
17. 1.73 Greece v. Spain
21. 2.73 Spain v. Greece
21.10.73 Yugoslavia v. Spain
19.12.73 Greece v. Yugoslavia

Group 8
18.10.72 Denmark v. Scotland
15.11.72 Scotland v. Denmark
2. 5.73 Denmark v. Czechoslovakia
6. 6.73 Czechoslovakia v. Denmark
26. 9.73 Scotland v. Czechslovakia
17.10.73 Czechoslovakia v. Scotland

Group 9
2. 9.72 France v. Eire
14.10.72 USSR v. France
24. 4.73 France v. USSR
16. 5.73 Eire v. France
USSR v. Eire
Eire v. USSR

SOUTH AMERICA

Group 1
Uruguay v. Colombia
Colombia v. Uruguay
Uruguay v. Ecuador
Ecuador v. Uruguay
Colombia v. Ecuador
Ecuador v. Colombia

Group 2
Argentina v. Paraguay
Paraguay v. Argentina
Argentina v. Bolivia
Bolivia v. Argentina
Paraguay v. Bolivia
Bolivia v. Paraguay

Group 3
17. 5.73 Peru v. Chile
3. 5.73 Chile v. Peru
12. 4.73 Peru v. Venezuela
31. 3.73 Venezuela v. Peru
Chile v. Venezuela
Venezuela v. Chile

George Eastham scores the winning goal for Stoke City in the 1972 Football League Cup Final against Chelsea.

left to right **HEYNCKES, BECKENBAUER and NETZER**

of WEST GERMANY